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OVER 100 DEER KILLED IN NEARBY MOUNTAINS

Several Hunting Camps Land Six, Limit Allowed by Law.

DOZEN BEAR ARE SHOT

First Week of Season Profitable to Numerous Hunters in Seven Mountains—Severe Blizzard this Week Interfered with Sport.

One hundred or more deer have been killed in the nearby mountains during the present season which closes on Saturday, December 15th. The Republican is indebted to L. M. Detz, Forester at Penn State Forest Headquarters, Coburn, Pa., for the following very interesting report:—

Although the first week of the season was a most successful one for the many hunters in Centre county, Saturday's snow storm served to convince some who had come here from other sections of the state, that they had had sufficient sport for this year. Both afternoon trains on the L. & T. Railroad were filled with hunters glad to get away from the winds and the snow, but usually they were all accompanied by at least one buck. Some parties have already secured their limit, while others have so nearly approached it, that they have broken camp and gone home to tell their stories by the fireside. The Decker party camping at John Decker's in Decker Valley broke camp on the 7th, after having secured six deer, while the Rote-Wingard party located at West Paddy Mountain Station have but one deer and two bear to secure before they have reached their limit. The Horner party of Pleasant Gap which was located at Runkle's were very successful in getting six the first week, while the Bradford's of Centre Hall were just two short of that number, as was also the party from Colyer camping at Gerry's. Those killed the first week are:—

Nevel party, from Bellefonte, Nevel's camp, one deer.

Horner party, from Pleasant Gap, Runkle's camp, six deer.

Slack party, from Centre Hall, Stone Creek camp, two deer.

Bradford's party, from Centre Hall, Pole Ridge camp, four deer.

Zion party, from Zion, W. Blauser's camp, one deer.

Lochner party, from Jeanette, Krise Valley camp, one deer.

Regulers, from Potters Mills, Gherrity Road camp, one deer.

Yeagertown party, from Yeagertown, Faust Valley camp, one deer.

Ragged Butt Militia party, from Potters Mills, day hunters, one deer and three fox.

Venrick party, from Palmyra, Venrick's camp, one deer, also one doe with horns.

State College party, from State College, Venrick's camp, two deer.

Colyer party, from Colyer, Gerry's camp, four deer.

Decker party, from Schuylkill Haven, J. D. Decker's camp, six deer.

Sweetwood party, from Centre Hall, Summit camp, three deer.

Brown party from Spring Mills, Krader's camp, one deer.

George's Valley party, from Penn Hall, Ripka's camp, one deer.

Schuylkill Haven party, from Schuylkill Haven, Mountain Church camp, one deer.

Wolfe party, from Zerby, day hunters, one deer.

Spring Mills party, from Spring Mills, day hunters, three deer.

Schuylkill Haven party, from Schuylkill Haven, H. Lingle's camp, two deer.

Greenbriar party, from Coburn, Pine Swamp camp, four deer.

Mt. Hunt Club, from Coburn, day hunters, one deer.

Rote-Wingard party, from Coburn, Paddy Mountain, five deer and one bear.

Juniata party, from Juniata, Panther Run camp, one deer.

Snyder-Bonar party, from Spring Mills, day hunters, one deer.

Sunbury party, from Sunbury, Cherry Run camp, four deer and one bear.

White Mt. Hunt Club, from Weikert, White Mountain camp, one deer.

Hoofnagle party, from Weikert, Hoofnagle Gap camp, one deer.

J. Hironimus party, from Weikert, day hunters, two deer.

Valentine party, from Lindale, day hunters, three deer and one bear.

Jacob Barnett party, from Weikert, day hunters, one deer.

John Pursley party, from Dauphin, day hunters, one deer.

Edward Sholter party, from Weikert, day hunters, one deer.

William Pursley party, from Weikert, day hunters, one deer.

Easton party, from Easton, C. Libby's camp, one deer and three bear.

Stover party, from Boyertown, Stover Hotel camp, one deer.

Rebersburg party, from Rebersburg, 14 Mile Narrows camp, four deer and one bear.

Jersey Shore party, from Jersey Shore, camp east of Stover Hotel, one deer.

Albright party, from Mifflinburg, Half-Way camp, one deer and one bear.

Hayes Road party, from Forest Hill, Hayes Road camp, one deer and two bear.

Snyder party, from High Valley, Snyder's camp, three deer.

Total—82 deer and 10 bear.

Other reports from hunting camps included the following:

Varnell party, camp near Hecla Park, one deer.

Leathers party, camp at head of Big Run, beyond Snow Shoe, one deer.

McCloskey party, camp at Panther Run, three deer.

McCartney party, camp at Beauty Run, two deer.

Ed. Lewis party, camp on Eddy Lick Run, one bear.

NEW TITAN METAL WORKS

Pushing Things to Completion as Rapidly as Possible.

Last Thursday afternoon a representative of TheRepublican took a jaunt out to the new operations of the Titan Metal Co., and it is surprising what progress has been made during the last two weeks. They had been working hard to get ahead of the approaching cold weather and to a certain extent they have been successful, although the plant is not quite under cover.

There is to-day almost as large a plant there as when the Nittany furnace was in full blast and we trust that the enterprise will grow like a green bay tree until the large acreage will be filled with additions to the plant. In the main building bricklayers were busy erecting furnaces and along side of it was a huge iron press being assembled and put together, which will have a tremendous force and is one of the principal machines in the plant.

To the right of the main structure is a smaller building which will be entirely of steel and is on a concrete foundation. Nearby is the engine house with boiler and engine which will be used where electricity is impracticable. Close to this is a smaller building and along the creek, perched on a high concrete foundation, is a large oil tank. On the way to the plant we found workmen employed in laying a three inch water main from the borough line to the building. A greater part of this line has been laid in the centre of the creek.

Retail Grocers Organize.

Monday evening the retail grocers of Bellefonte and vicinity met together in the Grand Jury room at the Court House and effected a permanent organization with J. Will Conley as president; S. C. Herr, secretary; and Thomas Hazel, treasurer. The object is self preservation and the best interest of their customers. This may mean some radical changes in doing business, necessitated by the high cost of living. The question as to these much needed reforms will be discussed fully at a meeting to be held next Monday evening in the Court House.

In addition to making these reforms the organization proposes to work in harmony with suggestions made by Herbert Hoover, the National Food Conserver, who is trying to help end the German-American war by getting the people to economize.

It is of utmost importance that every grocer in Bellefonte and the vicinity be at the meeting next Monday night.

Watch the Electric Cross.

The State-Centre Electric Company has very generously donated to the Red Cross, for use during the Christmas Membership Campaign, an electric cross which will be placed on the diamond in Bellefonte. This cross will be lighted every night during the campaign, and for each 100 members secured a light will be changed from white to red, so watch the cross each night to see the progress of the campaign.

Christmas Eve, between the hours of eight and nine, there will be singing of Christmas carols and patriotic songs at the Diamond and it is urgently requested that everyone turn out to join in the singing and help celebrate the ending of the campaign.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

James T. Miller,	Clarence
Jennie L. Moody,	"
J. Foster Musser,	State College
Vida Myrtle Corl,	" "

FEW IMPORTANT CASES ON COURT TRIAL LIST

Snow-Bound Trains Delayed Opening Session.

CONTINUE SOME CASES

Verdict for Defendants in Suit of Kelley Bros. vs. Nugent & Kelley—W. A. Sickle, of Snow Shoe, Chosen Foreman of Grand Jury.

Court convened on Monday at 10 A. M. with the Honorable Henry C. Quigley on the bench, and the officers in their places. Considerable delay was experienced by reason of the blizzard over Sunday which delayed trains. Motions and petitions were heard as presented by the several members of the Bar.

The Grand Jury was called and sworn, and W. A. Sickle, druggist of Snow Shoe Borough, was selected foreman. After being duly charged by the Court and their duty, jurors retired to the Grand Jury Room to pass on the several bills of indictment to be placed before them by the District Attorney.

The constables of the several boroughs wards and townships then made their quadrennial reports to the Court. The list of traverse jurors was then called and absentees noted.

The civil list of cases was then called over and the following disposed of.

Burdine Butler vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, trespass. Continued at the costs of the defendant.

John G. Confer vs. Standard Fire Insurance Company at Trenton, N. J. Assumpsit. Settled.

J. B. Colt Company, a corporation, vs. A. C. Kepler. Assumpsit. Continued, pending settlement.

Isaac Finburg, Louis Finburg, Robert W. Hartley, John C. Hartley, and John T. Harvey, a corporation, trading and doing business as Isaac Finburg and Company, vs. Dexter and Carpenter, Incorporated. Appeal continued pending terms of settlement.

Gordon Bros., Incorporated, vs. M. D. Kelley Bros., Coal Company. Assumpsit. Continued by agreement of counsel.

M. D. Kelley and H. P. Kelley, trading as Kelley Bros. vs. R. B. Taylor. Appeal. Continued.

Court re-convened on Monday afternoon at two o'clock, but litigants not being ready, and as many of the witnesses were unable to get in on account of lateness of trains, Court adjourned till Tuesday morning at ten o'clock.

Tuesday morning Court convened and the first case taken up was C. Day, trading as C. Day and Bros. vs. F. A. Carson. Appeal. The plaintiff is a manufacturer of brooms at Millersburg, and his representative had sold a bill of goods to the defendant in 1915 which was not paid till the agent again visited the defendant, and at that time the defendant gave him a check for the bill which the agent forwarded to the plaintiff who deposited it in the bank. In course of exchange the check was returned unpaid and plaintiff sent the check to defendant's bank on two different occasions. By some means the check got into the possession of the defendant, but not through plaintiff, and the check for the goods was never paid. The defendant admitted the purchase of goods and the giving of the checks and its subsequent return, and that sometime afterward the plaintiffs representative called on him with the check and that he paid him the money for the check. The representative denied that the check was ever paid to him. Verdict on Tuesday afternoon in favor of the plaintiff for nineteen dollars and seventy-six cents.

M. D. Kelley, Harry Kelley and T. B. Budinger, trading and doing business under the firm name and title of Kelley &Company vs.T.F. Kelley and Lawrence Nugent, trading and doing business under the firm name and title of Kelley & Nugent. Being an action brought to recover balance on book account. Verdict on Tuesday evening in favor of the defendants and certifying a balance due in favor of the defendants of one hundred and thirty dollars and ninety seven cents.

Court convened on Wednesday morning at nine o'clock and the first case taken up was, Com. vs. John Kachik, indicted for assault and battery, prosecutor George Mizarek. Verdict of not guilty, defendant to pay costs.

Susan Eaton vs. George W. Eaton, administrator of John C. Eaton. There was no contest in this case and verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for $1138.50.

Com. vs. Dewey Hilliard, indicted for assault and battery; prosecutor Lloyd A. Stover. Verdict not guilty, costs divided.

Com. vs. Robert Hilliard, indicted for assault and battery; prosecutor Lloyd Stover. Plea of guilty and sentence suspended on payment of costs.

Com. vs. William Shock, indicted for defrauding board bill; prosecutor Annie Dokolosky. Nol prossed, County to pay costs.

Other criminal cases brought to the December Sessions were heretofore disposed of by the Grand Jury at this Session as follows:

Com. vs. James Fowler, desertion and non support; Sentence suspended, November 3rd.

Com. vs. George Mizarek, assault and battery; Bill ignored.

Com. vs. Howard H. Evey, of State College, indicted for operating an automobile while intoxicated; prosecutor Robert R. Mingle. The defendant plead guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and six months in jail. Sentence postponed for two years on good behavior.

Com. vs. Earnest Stark, larceny; settled.

Com. vs H. B. Scott. violating auto law; prosecutor, H. R. Nash, constable. True bill.

Com. vs. W. M. Hunt, assault and battery; Sentence was suspended for six months on November 30.

Com. vs. Walter Smith, of Philipsburg, charged with making threats; Bill ignored.

Com. vs. Michael Mulagko, assault and battery; Bill ignored.

Com. vs. Paul Siiko and Steve Drochak, assault and battery; Bill ignored.

Com. vs. John Sychto, John Mulagko and Michael Mulagko, assault and battery; Bill ignored.

William Blauser vs. F. A. Carson, trespass. Jury sworn on Wednesday evening, and the case is on trial. Parties are from Potter township.

BELL TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENTS

Recently Leased an Additional Room in the Bush Arcade.

It may not be very long until the Bell Telephone Company will be owning the Bush Arcade. Of course there is no deal of that kind on but this assertion was prompted by the space the company is now occupying in the building. Besides their general office room on the first floor they have two rooms on the second occupied as an exchange and the third as a generator room. Recently they leased an additional room formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph office. This extra room will be used principally as a battery room.

For the last month or more, Messrs Rowe, Knode, with occasional a helper, representing the Western Electric Co., of Philadelphia, have been here installing an addition to the switchboard, strengthening the batteries and re-arranging the dynamos. This improvement was necessitated by the increase in their business, and when they are perfected there will be few towns in the State that will have better service.

Special Christmas Services.

At St. John's Episcopal church on Christmas Eve there will be instituted the ancient Christian custom of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist at midnight,—the offering of the Christ-Mass from which the day takes its name—at the hour at which tradition says Our Lord was born. The music will include a number of old English Christmas carols with which the birthday of Christ has been heralded from early times. Another Christmastide feature at this church will be a mystery play of the Holy Nativity, on Friday night after Chsistmas, Holy Innocents' Day, by the children, and presented as far as possible in that devout spirit of the Middle Ages which gave us these quaint and beautiful plays. The public is cordially invited to take advantage of these opportunities of worshipping at the Manger of Bethlehem.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscription statements were issued to many of our subscribers last week. Statements are issued to others to-day. Receipts are enclosed to persons making payment, and the assurance is extended that their co-operation is appeciated.

All who have received statements, or any others who may be in arrears, are requested to make payment promptly.

The necessity of increasing rates confronts every newspaper. Subscribers who settle up for arrears now and pay a year or two ahead are likely to benefit thereby. Think it over.

STEAM HEAT PATRONS ARE FACING A CRISIS

Company Announces More Subscribers are Needed.

MAY HAVE TO CLOSE

Extreme Scarcity of Coal and Continued High Price Creates Serious Situation Here on Eve of Severest Winter Months.

Last week the Bellefonte Heat & Light Co., was compelled to issue the distressing statement that in the midst of a severe, cold winter it would be compelled to close down the plant unless about one hundred of the old patrons came to its aid. The fact is that last October, or a month prior to that date, there was no assurance given to the people that the plant would be operated which resulted in many of the patrons of the plant put in their own boilers so as to make certain that when the cold blasts of winter came they would have something to fall back on. The present company, in October, started the plant with the supposition that if the plant was operated satisfactorily many of those who put in boilers would let them stand to be used in cases of extreme emergency and take on the town heat because of its great convenience. Up until this time the company's anticipations have not been realized and thus it is facing a crisis.

In their circular last week they assured the people that they were in shape to make a contract whereby the plant could be supplied with coal during the balance of the winter but could not make it binding until they found out more definitely whether they could get back those who had withdrawn. The fact of the matter is just this, that it is going to be a very difficult task this winter for individuals to operate their plants because of the scarcity of coal. No local coal dealer will guarantee to the consumer all the coal he needs for the winter. If this is true then it will be better to run the risk with those who claim they can get coal from the mines under a guarantee, such as the Heat & Light Co., claim it has. These are war times and the people must make up their minds that they cannot go through this winter on flowery beds of ease. They must put up with some privations and it is a question whether it would not be better to take chances with the town heat for warmth and comfort. It is very discouraging to operate the plant when those interested know it is being done at a loss. Think the matter over very carefully and see if you cannot help in some way to put the plant on a basis whereby it can be operated to the advantage of the people as well as the company.

A Big Blaze Friday Night.

The American Lime & Stone Co., of Bellefonte, sustained quite a loss by fire Friday night between 9 and 10 o'clock. The conflagration was at No. 26 lime operation on Buffalo Run. The property destoyed were the sheds around the opening of the lime kilns and a stone crusher. The alarm was given and the Logan and Undine Steamer Co. answered the call. The Logan engine was attached to one of Emerick's motor buses and in a short time the steamer, hose and firemen were on the ground. It is quite a long distance to the fire, and as the companies were late in being called, the buildings and crusher were practically destroyed before the firemen had gotten there. However, much of the trestle leading from the quarries to the kilns was saved. It was a cold night and the fire laddies worked under difficulties. The Pierce-Arrow, formerly belonging to Col. W. Fred Reynolds, but now the property of the Logan Steamer Co., was put into action by taking the firemen to the scene. The loss is six or seven thousand dollars which is partly covered with insurance. Added to the loss is the time the crusher is not in operation for crushed stone is now in big demand. The sheds and crusher will be rebuilt immediately.

Big Fire at Osceola.

Monday morning about 3 o'clock Osceola Mills, was the scene of a big blaze which totally destroyed the Mountain House, a large butcher shop, the Sugar Bowl and a garage. The blaze swept with such rapidity that the local firemen were unable to cope with the disaster and called on Philipsburg for assistance. The fire department of Philipsburg quickly responded but was unable to do much on account of the water supply being deficient. Had there been plenty of water Tyrone would have been asked for assistance.

LEARNING TO FLY

Forrest Tanner Writes Mother of Experiences in Aviation Service.

Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, received an interesting letter from her son, Forrest Tanner, who is a member of the United States Aviation Corps, which is now located at Everman, about ten miles from Fort Worth, Texas. This is a new camp and everybody was enjoying themselves until the camp was quarantined for measles and the boys are not allowed to go outside even for a postage stamp, which often occasions parents and friends at home to feel that something awful has happened because they are receiving no letters. Forrest is one of those young men who take a great interest in everything he does and at camp nothing escapes his vision. He starts to school each day at 8 o'clock in the morning and works until noon. He returns at 2 o'clock and stops at 4. His work is taking flying machines apart and putting them together again so that he knows all the details about an airplane. He has to study carefully each part so that if anything goes wrong in the air he will be able to adjust it in a minute.

The camp is mostly made up of English men and it is very difficult for any American to fly, although they are very kind and hospitable. However, on Wednesday of last week Forrest had a ride in the air for an hour and twenty minutes. He says "Believe me it is not what you think it is. When you think everything is going right, like a bucking bronco, the machine drops for about fifty feet, and it seems there is no air around you. I was up four thousand feet with an officer and had a very thrilling experience which I will not forget for sometime. It is great and I am certainly glad I am in it. Just as soon as I master the machine I will be all right.

The other day I went up into the air-dome where a number of fine machines were standing on end. I do not know whether any of the operators were injured or not but it is a common sight to see men walking around holding clothes that are covered with blood and the pilot being carried to his home in a box. Just think this field has only been in existence for three weeks and there is a scrap pile here of broken machines that would cover a common size lot, twenty feet deep, so you can see they have been coming down some. In closing I will say that I expect to be here some time and anything sent me I will get it"

Yours affectionately,

Forrest.

Fourth-Class Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, on January 12, 1918, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth-class postmaster at Stormstown, Pa., and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $355, for the last fiscal year.

Applicants must have reached their twenty-first birthday on the date of the examination, with exception that in a State where women are declared by statue to be of full age for all purposes at eighteen years, women eighteen years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application blanks, Form 1753, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at the place of vacancy or from the United States Civil-Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington, D. C., at the earliest practicable date.

Be Very Careful.

We hereby send out the warning to the people of Bellefonte and throughout the county to be very careful about fire. Within the last few days several costly conflagrations have occurred right around us. Just at this season of the year, when the stores and homes are being decorated with inflammable trimmings and trees, there is great danger of some one becoming careless by throwing lighted matches, cigarettes or cigars in places which will cause a blaze. Be careful and the chances are you'll be safer.

Ladies Take Notice.

The local Red Cross has received enough yarn to make 50 sweaters and is anxious to have it distributed among the knitters of the community as there is most urgent need for these articles. Any one willing to do knitting can secure yarn by telephoning to Miss Lyda Morris.

URGES FOOD SAVING

Governor Brumbaugh Issues Proclamation Asking Greater Economy.

Governor Brumbaugh has issued the following proclamation urging greater saving in food supplies and guarding against waste. His proclamation follows:

Whereas, The wise use of our food supply essential to the winning of this war, and

Whereas, We have been urgently warned by National and State officials, to exercise the greatest care in the conservation of essential food-stuffs, which warning has led to proclamations and to price regulations, and other acts deemed essential to the proper care or our food supplies and thus to the success of our great struggle to make democracy safe in the world and later to make the world safe for democracy, and

Whereas, Certain days have been set aside as meatless days, as breadless days, and other days have been designated as special occasions for the display of patriotic support to national endeavor by voluntary denial of certain foods vital to the welfare of our people and to the sustenance of our army and navy and to the sustenance of our Allies, and

Whereas, We have not yet in any important or serious way sensed the gravity of the situation confronting us, because we have made no denial that has in the least disturbed our accustomed life of abundance, and have not made any sacrifice of personal comfort in appetite such as a patriotic people should gladly make, and

Whereas, We have been wasting needlessly such nourishing food which we may, I fear, soon greatly need and have gone ahead in a wave of patriotic endeavor which has as yet not touched us vitally but which we must feel keenly if we are in any proper way to give unstinted loyalty and unyielding support to our Nation in this increasingly critical period.

Therefore, I, Martin Grove Brumbaugh, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, acting from a sense of public responsibility and in concord with the earnest wish of our National and State Food Administrators do hereby call upon and urge all our people to plan deliberately and carefully to conserve all forms of food-stuffs, especially those of direct importance to our soldiers and sailors and our Allies in the trenches. We are not true Pennsylvanians, not loyal Americans, if we eat to satisfy and neglect daily to save for those of our own blood who need and must have an abundance of good food. We do little when we give only our surplus money and our surplus crops. We must sacrifice until we feel it and feel it keenly. The real patriotism of our people will be shown by their willingness voluntarily to make this sacrifice and make it now.

Whatever we are requested by national officials to do, let us do gladly. If they ask us not to hoard food-stuffs let none be hoarded. If they fix a price for staple foods let us accept it willingly. Let no one dare by any trick or scheme or connivance attempt to make undue profits by any juggling of the markets or other means, by transporting food supplies. The whole strength of law in this Commonwealth will be invoked speedily to punish any such censurable action. Let us take this message to ourselves. It is intended for you. You cannot pass it over to your neighbor and continue to consume and waste unduly any important item of food, and your willingness or ability to pay the price of luxury is no valid excuse for your wastefulness. Let us all solemnly and steadily give heed to our urgent need and in the spirit of true patriotism make due sacrifice in the interest of the Nation we love and in whose behalf we are bound to give loyal service.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Florence T. Dornblaser, et al, to Thomas Kyn, tract in Rusn Twp.; $1000.

A. I. Garbrick's Exr. to Margaret E. Rider, tract in Benner Twp.; $149.

Margaret D. Garbrick to Margaret E. Rider, tract in Benner Twp.; $30.

John O. Gill to Ida Grace Bell, tract in Rush Twp.; $150.

L. D. Smith, et ux, to Angela Hummers, tract in Philipsburg, $600.

Louisa Bush to John H. White, tract in Spring Twp.; $300.

Elmira McKinley, to Homer McKinley, tract in Boggs Twp.; $300.

T. G. Greist, et ux, to Joseph A. Resides, tract in Unionville; $300.

Anna C. Guelick, et al, to Vernon H. Beckwith, tract in Philipsburg; $800.

J. N. Hoy, et ux, to Geo. J. Behrer, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $25.

R. H. Sommerville, et ux, to Gehret & Lambert, tract in Bellefonte; $50.

Emma W. Meek, et al, to L. Olin Meek, tract in State College; $9000.

Rhoda Dillen to Clayton Corman, tract in Benner Twp.; $500.

Remember Farmers' Week.

Farmers of Centre County should not forget farmers' week at State College on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—December 26, 27, 28 and 29. In fact, the up-to-date farmer will be there.

Dean Holmes Speaks.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered recently by Dean Arthur Holmes, of State College, before the Teachers' Institute, of Blair County:

Sometimes we pay too little attention to little things and too little attention to greater things. Often in going through the forest our eyes are open only to the trees and we are blinded to the majestic beauty of the mountain. And just so in our school life—we pay much attention to trivial things and overlook the bigger things. Teaching is the most progressive profession and the public school is the most progressive institution in our country. The High school today that was built ten years ago is out of date.

People learn naturally and flogging a child can never be an incentive to learning. At one time the motto of the school was: "He who spares the rod, spoils the child." But what teacher today would permit such a motto to be emblazoned upon her school room wall? When magnifying obedience let the pupil remember that obedience can often be made blind and brutalizing. The old arbitrary Roman methods of exacting obedience cannot be forced upon pupils in this democratic age. The teachers are after all the paid servants of the pupils, paid to teach democracy.

A child's soul is never hard or embittered. God never intended them to become hard, but when the child comes under the hardness of man's discipline then that soul becomes hardened and bitter. Soft people do not suffer. They conquer the world through love for their fellow beings. Christ was beaten, cursed and stoned, crucified upon the cross, but looking ever upward, loving the world, he ascends to Heaven a conqueror, with the words, "Father Forgive Them" upon his lips.

The teacher should aim to find the cause of the child's mental inactivity. Very often unsanitary and unhealthful conditions of his environment may be the cause.

The teacher is too apt to advertise her profession. Let her learn to play in her teaching so that it need not be stamped upon her weary, drawn countenance that she is a teacher. The teacher's aim should be to turn out true men and women for future democracy.

Russian Orchestra at State College.

Perhaps the greatest musical program that has ever come to Centre County was presented last year at State College, when the Russian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Modest Altschuler, made its initial visit there. So greatly appreciated was the performance of the musical company at that time that arrangements have been made this year to have a repetition of the visit on Saturday, December 15th.

Modest Altschuler himself is an artist of no mean talent and leadership. When in his youth he served in the Russian army, and his abilities as a cellist were such that he was afforded unusual liberties by the officers in command.

The closing number of the program is a paraphrase of the Allied National Hymns and Songs, including those of Russia, Servia, Montenegro, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Japan, and our own "Star Spangled Banner" which he plays with pride and enthusiasm, unlike a certain leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who failed to play the national anthem as a part of his program.

The concert has been secured under the combined effort of the Department of Music of The Pennsylvania State College under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Robinson and of the College Y. M. C. A. Reservations and general admission seats can be secured by phoning either organization, or by communication with Montgomery's clothing store in Bellefonte.

Those Subject to Selective Draft.

Inquiry has been made whether a registrant under the selective service law is subject to draft if he attains his thirty-first birthday before the second draft call is issued. The selective-service law plainly states that all persons who registered ramain subject to call to the colors unless exempted or discharged. The provision of the act reads as follows:

"Provided further. That persons shall be subject to registration as herein provided who shall have attained their twenty-first birthday and who shall not have attained their thirty-first birthday on or before the day set for the registration, and all persons so registered shall be and remain subject to draft into the forces hereby authorized unless exempted or excused therefrom as in this act provided."

Cuban Sugar.

Three million pounds of Cuban sugar reached the harbor of New York City Saturday for the immediate distribution to American refineries. Hope that some of it may find its way to Bellefonte, for several days last week some of the local grocerymen had not a pound. Others made you buy something like five dollars worth of goods to get a pound of sugar. The Cuban sugar may relieve the critical situation.

Get Increase in Wages.

The trackmen on the Bald Eagle valley division of the Pennsylvania railroad have secured an advance of 2 cents an hour, making their pay 22 cents an hour for 11 hours.

BLUE CHIFFON

By HILDA MORRIS

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Ellen Emery, on the train going to visit her cousins in the city, was worrying about her clothes. She had not a great many, and her dresses were very simple. They were in good taste—she felt sure that no one could find fault with her dark blue silk or her white evening frock on the ground of taste—but they lacked in "style," that indefinable quality which seemed fairly to ooze from the garments worn by her city-bred cousins. She did not wish them to be ashamed of her, nor did she wish to be pitied, but she simply could not afford to buy more dresses.

"I hope there won't be many parties," she told herself as the train pulled into the station. "And I do hope they won't notice my things much. What is there about the city that always makes one think clothes? I'm glad I live in the country."

The cousins met her with their car—two tall, fashionably attired young girls, with white furs and very correct-looking hair and complexions. Ellen was not unaware that their quick eyes swept over her plain "ready-made" suit and hat appraisingly, or that they exchanged meaning glances over her shoulder. However, they greeted her very kindly. They meant well, and Ellen climbed into the car beside them, resolving not to let clothes spoil her, even if she could not help thinking about them.

"You're just in time for a dance," said Dorothy, as they spun along. "There's to be an awfully nice one at the club tonight. Rob will take you, and you're sure to meet some awfully nice men."

"That's pleasant," said Ellen, but her heart sank a little. Not that she did not love to dance, but "an awfully nice" dance sounded a little fearsome. Her white frock would make little impression in a gathering of real evening gowns. However—and she squared

"Be Sure to Make Bob Introduce Him."

her shoulders gravely—she resolved not to let clothes keep her from enjoying the dance.

As it turned out, however, Dorothy and Louise had already planned what she was to wear.

"We've got a present for you," Louise said, as she helped Ellen unpack her steamer trunk. "A perfectly stunning gown; wait, I'll get it. You see, we just happened to see this frock at a bargain, and it was too small for either one of us, so we thought of you right away. It was so lovely we just had to buy it—"

Louise danced away to get the dress, and Ellen felt tears of mortification come to her eyes. Of course, they had known she would come without proper clothes, they knew she was a "country cousin," and they had bought her a dress to wear, so that they need not feel ashamed of her. However, they meant to be kind, and she could not refuse.

Indeed, the gown was so lovely that it would have taken a Spartan mind to refuse it. Of blue chiffon, with flowers of pink and mauve and yellow, it was irresistibly charming, with Ellen's golden hair and delicate coloring. The girl's blue eyes grew stary with delight as she looked at herself in the mirror. After all, she was "chic," and far prettier than either Dorothy or Louise. She had never in her life looked so well before. She let Dorothy arrange her hair in a very modish fashion, and consented to borrow a necklace of Louise's, so that when she was dressed she looked like a different person from plain little Ellen Emery, of Oldport.

"There's a perfectly wonderful new man coming to this dance," remarked Dorothy. "All the girls are crazy about him, and if they aren't careful, you'll cut them out. His name is Murray Andrews, and he is an artist or illustrator or something; awfully handsome. Be sure to make Bob introduce him."

Ellen dropped the brooch she was pinning into her dress.

"Murray Andrews?" she repeated. And she looked at herself in the glass again, her color rising. She was glad, glad, that Murray Andrews would see her this way—among these gay, sophisticated people. He had been in Oldport the summer before, on a sketching trip, and they had become very good friends. Only he had gone away without saying anything. Ellen had imagined that there must be another girl in the city. She had long ago resolved to forget him.

Her cousin Rob opened his eyes wide when he saw Ellen, and when they arrived at the club he acted the part of a very gallant and proud escort. It was new to Ellen, this feeling that people were proud of her, but it gave her unaccustomed courage and ease of manner. Dorothy and Louise smiled at her when they passed in the dance, Rob picked her the very nicest partners, and saw more than one young man looking at her with a glance that was unmistakably admiring. Indeed, she was the prettiest girl in the room, and quite the belle of the occasion.

Murray Andrews was presented after a while; he was to have a waltz with her. He looked very different here in evening dress from the rather young artist of the summer before. They waltzed for a while in silence, and then he spoke abruptly.

"Let's go and sit in the conservatory," he suggested. "We ought to be talking together—not dancing."

They found a secluded spot, and he at once began to ask her about herself.

"How did you come here, you little wildflower? I never could have imagined you in such society."

"Why?" she asked, a little piqued.

"You're too good for it, too fragile and unspoiled. However, I can't say that you do not grace the room better than any other girl on the floor. I suppose you'll get to be like all the rest in time."

"Of course," she agreed, and laughed again.

They talked for a while, about things that did not matter, and then another partner came to bear her off. Ellen was conscious of a feeling of bitter disappointment. Murray was friendly enough; but the girl loved him; she was conscious only of something within her that cried out for more than friendship, more than admiration.

"Why didn't you say you knew Murray Andrews?" accused Dorothy when they got home. "He told me about it himself, and asked if he could call some day. I'm glad one member of our family captured the celebrity."

The girls were going to a tea next afternoon, but Ellen, conscious of her inadequate wardrobe, pleaded a headache, and stayed at home. In fact, she did have a headache, or a heartache, which is usually defined in terms of lesser physical ailments. She could not help thinking about Murray Andrews. She hated herself for weakness; she wished for a chance to do battle with herself, and try to overcome her feeling toward him. It was so evident that he cared nothing for her, and never would!

Ellen sat alone in the library, when there came a ring at the bell, and the maid brought in Murray Andrews' card. Ellen gave her hair a hasty pat before the mirror, and wished that she had not been wearing a gingham frock. Why, she looked just like last summer in the country! And Murray was so very correct, with his stick and the gardenia in his button-hole. The girl felt a pall of shyness descend upon her, after all, she was not of his kind.

"My cousins are not at home," she told him. "I am very sorry."

"It was you I came to see," he said. "I had not hoped for such luck as to find you alone. Such a belle as you were last night!"

"Don't!" she cried. "You're teasing me. I'm not a belle, and I was never meant to be. Can't you see I'm just the same old country Ellen you knew last summer? There's no use my pretending to be any different. I'm not."

"I'm glad," he said. "Last night I was half afraid—you seemed so beautiful, so sophisticated, so unlike the little you I had learned to love."

"Don't say that," she breatled. "You haven't any right to love—"

"Why not, when I do love you? I came around this afternoon just to tell you so; that is, if you were my own sweet Ellen, instead of the wonderful young beauty of last night. Didn't you know, child; didn't you guess, that I loved you? Why, I was coming back to Oldport on purpose to win you! And I wanted you as you are—sweet and simple. One sees enough of haughty girls with wonderful clothes, but there are not many like you—as natural and unaffected as God made them. When will you marry me, Ellen?"

* * *

"Just think of our country cousin carrying off the lion of the season!" remarked Dorothy to her sister late that evening. "Ellen's a wonder in her way."

"Yes," agreed Louise, "but I'm sure it was the blue chiffon gown that did it. You know yourself that he never would have noticed her in that dowdy little white dress. Won't we have fun helping her shop for a trousseau?"

Modern Cutlery.

Young Lady From City (to country storekeeper)—Have you any ice-cream forks?

Storekeeper (anxious to be up to the times)—Eh, no, miss, but we're expecting some lemonade knives.—Life.

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Insurance for Soldiers and Sailors.

The act which provides for Government life insurance for soldiers and sailors has now been in operation a little more than a month. The Secretary of the Treasury announced on November 17th that up to that date 64,168 applications under the new law had been received, representing insurance in the sum of $552,093,000. From four to six thousand applications are received each day at the Treasury Department, the amount of insurance applied for sometimes reaching a total of fifty million dollars in a single day.

The law provides that soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses in active service may obtain from the Government life insurance in amounts not exceeding $10,000 at premium rates ranging from 65 cents a month at the age of 21 years to $1.20 a month at the age of 51 years, for each $1,000 of insurance.

One of the primary objects of this law is to lessen the tremendous burden of pensions which has followed as a consequence of all American wars.

It is evident that the administration of this new branch of Government work is big business in itself. But this is only one of many governmental activities incident to the war which are adding great numbers of clerks, stenographers, and other servants to Uncle Sam's payroll. Literally thousands of stenographers and typewriters have been appointed in Washington during the past few months and thousands more are to be appointed as soon as they are available. The United States Civil Service Commission is holding examinations for these positions weekly throughout the country. Secretaries of local boards of civil service examiners at the post offices in all cities are furnishing detailed information.

In Excellent Shape.

The supervisors of Rush township, Centre county are proud to say that they have over $4,000 in their treasury. In addition to this snug sum they have coming a state bonus of $5,000. These supervisors are noted for good road making, and with a full exchequer are liable to make the dirt fly from now on.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

New Revenue Rates.

Numerous inquiries have come to The Republican office regarding the new revenue taxes on various documents. We have made some investigation of the matter among Court House officials and are informed that the following rates prevail: On notes dated on or after December 1st, 1917, 2 cents for each $100 or a fraction of $100. On bonds on mortgages 5 cents for each $100 or fraction of $100. On deeds 50 cents for each $500; no revenue tax on a deed where the consideration is less than $100. On surety bonds where a premium is paid the revenue tax is at the rate of 1% of each $1 of premium charged. On individual bonds where no premium is charged, except bonds of legal proceedings, the rate is 50 cents. Bonds of legal proceedings require no revenue stamps.

Theodore Wigton Dead.

Theodore H. Wigton, father of S. H. Wigton, of Philipsburg, died recently at his home in Philadelphia. He had been in failing health for some time. He was a native of Huntingdon county, and aged about 74 years. For years, prior to moving to Philadelphia he had been in the banking business in Altoona. He was a Civil War veteran, a member of the 19th Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was a most excellent gentleman and for many years was a member of the Presbyterian church. His wife died about two years ago. Besides S. H. Wigton two other sons and a daughter survive, William, Richard and Mary.

Eclipse of the Moon.

A total eclipse of the moon will take place during the early morning hours of December 28th. The moon will enter the shadow at 3.05, become total at 4.38 and remain so for just seventeen minutes, or until 4.55. The eclipse will end at 6.27. Thus it will be seen that all persons astronomically inclined will of necessity have to get up in the morning if they want to see this eclipse.

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Diana's Doleful Dumps

By Ella M. Bangs

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"Diana," called a spritely voice, "Where are you, Di?"

"Diana," called a spritely voice. pink-cheeked Diana Kelsey curled up within the curtained window recess did not feel like talking just then. Indeed, she was only too glad to be hidden from sight for there were tears in her eyes and she knew they would be discovered by Bess Palmer if she came near her; so, while her friend went off in search of her, Diana continued to brood over her troubles which, as everybody knows, is the best way in the world to increase them, in fancy if not in reality.

To begin with—there had been so much of hilarity going on the night before that she had not slept well, and her head ached. The new hat of which she had expected so much, was not very becoming after all. She was disappointed in this house party. It had not come up to those of previous years, even though it was made up of nearly the same company. Worst of all was the fact that Alida Goodrich was to take the principal lady's part, and Earl Raymond was to be the leading man in the little play that was on foot. Earl had been her stanch friend and open admirer since their primary school days. In all the little plays which they had given hitherto, when she was leading lady, he, as a matter of course, had been given the part of leading man. Now, in the most ambitious thing they had ever undertaken, for, with an audacity given to youth alone, the club had elected to play "Romeo and Juliet," now she, Diana Wales, had been assigned the unimportant part of Lady Capulet,

Continued to Brood.

Juliet's mother—of all things! while Alida was to play Juliet to Earl's Romeo.

It seemed almost more than she could bear. She would have withdrawn altogether only she feared that that would be too noticeable, for somebody would be ready to say she was jealous. She wasn't jealous but she dreaded all those rehearsals with Earl repeatedly making love to Alida, even though it was only in play. They would both die in the end, however, and there was some comfort to poor Diana in that.

At length the girl roused herself. She felt that she really must join the others; so, touching up her hair a bit and wiping her eyes, she drew aside the curtain and stepped out. But she was hardly in a normal condition when she took her place as one of the merry company around the blazing wood fire.

So little did Diana join in the gay spirts of the others that Bess Palmer called: "What's the matter with Diana? She's not speaking a word!"

"What is it, Di?" asked some one else, "not in the dumps, are you?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Alida who had been looking over the play and still had the book in her lap. "Oh, yes, she must be having the doleful dumps. Let's see—how does that go? Here it is:

When gripping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

"Can't somebody give us some music?" She went on. "Where's your mandolin, Jack? Has that a silver sound?"

At this Diana laughed, a rather forced laugh, which she hoped no one noticed, and a little later it was suggested that, as there was nothing special on the docket, they should read through the chosen play of "Romeo and Juliet."

This would have to come sooner or later, so with an effort Diana joined the others and tried her best to put as much spirit as possible into the unsatisfactory part assigned her as Lady Capulet. At length after much laughing and expressing of opinions the reading was finished, and all agreed that there was no reason in the world why this should not be the greatest success of anything they had undertaken. All this, however, was as wormwood and gall to Diana Wales. Alida really did put a good deal of expression into the part of Juliet, and Earl—well, of course he was always good. Though it seemed to Diana that he put rather needless emphasis into his words of admiration for Juliet, still it was to be expected.

"You make a fine Lady Capulet," Alida complimented as the two girls chanced to be standing together. "Really I'm quite proud of my mamma."

And for the remainder of the day to Diana's intense disgust Alida persisted in calling her "mamma."

Matters were not improved for Diana by the reading of the play, indeed even less than before, was she inclined to feel reconciled to the assignment of parts. She felt nervous and ready to cry, and then pride came to the rescue. She was acting like a child, she told herself severely, and giving them all good reason to comment on her unusual quietness. She would go out for a walk even if it was foggy, with the aid of outdoor air she felt she could surely get herself in hand, and be able to appear like herself. Accordingly a little later she donned her hat and raincoat and stepped out into the growing darkness of the afternoon unobserved, as she believed, even by the chaperon.

What a dismal day this was! Diana believed she didn't like house parties anyway. She quite wished she had not come. There had not been a ray of sunshine for the last two days. What did the others all find so funny to laugh about, she wondered. They seemed to do nothing but laugh. Had she ever been like that? It was hard to believe it from her present point of view. How she wished that something—anything short of broken bones—would happen to prevent her from having to take part in this proposed play, the play that was, no doubt, to heap laurels as never before on the heads of the Club of Young Amateur Players.

She had gone but a little way when she became aware of some one behind her, walking faster than she. It sounded like—only of course it couldn't be—Earl Raymond, who a moment later called boyishly:

"Hold on, Diana. I want to talk with you."

The girl turned, waiting gravely till the young man reached her side, and then they went on together remarking about the weather, and a few other such subjects as people are given to talking about when the undercurrent of their thoughts is elsewhere.

After a moment's pause Earl asked abruptly:

"Diana, why wouldn't you take the part of Juliet?"

"Why wouldn't I?" the girl hesitated in surprise. "Why, I was never asked to take it."

"Not asked? But Alida said—" Earl paused leaving his sentence unfinished. When he spoke again it was to say, "I understood that you refused to take the leading part, and—you see, Di, I was afraid you didn't want to play Juliet to my Romeo."

"What nonsense!" Diana returned. "Then you did not refuse to take the part?"

"I surely did not, Earl. How could I when it was not offered me? I simply had no choice in the matter."

The young man turned and looked searchingly into the girl's flushed face. "Had I known that I would not have agreed to be Romeo," he said slowly.

"What difference would that make? Of course you would have taken it."

"No, Diana," he denied quickly. "It would have made no end of difference to me. It's all right now that I know how it was, but I did feel rather cut up to think you would go back on me that way."

"How could you think it!" the girl responded, then—"It's all right now as you say, but I was afraid you were tired of playing leading man with me as leading lady, and that did hurt a little. We are such old friends, you know."

The young man paused again looking earnestly into her face. "Diana," he began gravely, "don't you know that you are, and always will be, the only leading lady in the world—for me?"

Then suddenly the day grew bright for Diana despite the fog. She was feeling unusually well and as for the doleful dumps—they were altogether a thing of the past.

Hoop Holds Up Cars.

A mile of cars were recently held up in London by a small boy playing with a hoop. The blockade occurred in the evening just as the crowds of workers were traveling homewards. The boy was having a final spin before going home when his hoop rolled into the electric current slot which controls the tube and tramway. His only worry was that he could not extricate his hoop. The police and conductors vainly tried to pull it out and it was not until the breakdown gang arrived on the scene that the hoop was removed and the traffic could proceed.

Matters Where You Take It.

A small girl who had appropriated the lion's share of the bed in which she slept with her sister, listened attentively while her sister chided her. "You are entitled to just one-half of the bed," admonished big sister.

The little one replied: "Well, I had only a half. I took it in the middle, you know."

No Monotony in Nature.

"One of the greatest curses of mill or factory work, and with much city work of all kinds, is its interminable monotony; the same process repeated hour after hour and day after day," writes David Grayson in the American Magazine. "In the country there is indeed monotonous work, but rarely monotony. No task continues very long; everything changes infinitely with the seasons. Processes are not repetitive but creative. Nature hates monotony is ever changing and restless, brings up a storm to drive the haymakers from their hurried work in the fields, sends rain to stop the plowing, or a frost to hurry the apple harvest. Everything is full of adventure and vicissitude! A man who has been a farmer for two hours at the mowing, must suddenly turn blacksmith when his machine breaks down and tinker with wrench and hammer, and later in the day he becomes dairyman, farrier, harnessmaker, merchant. No kind of wheat but is grist to his mill, no knowledge that he cannot use! And who is freer to be a citizen than he? Freer to take his part in town meeting and serve his state in some one of the innumerable small offices which form the solid blocks of organization beneath our commonwealth."

Cape Horn Storms.

The waters of Cape Horn have never been unvisited by storms for more than a week or two at a stretch within the memory of man. Standing on the outpost of the world, Cape Horn is the meeting place of ocean currents of very different temperatures, from the icy cold waters of the Antarctic drift to the warmth of the Brazilian and Peruvian return currents. The prevailing winds are from the northwest and west, and these, coming from the warm regions of the Pacific, condense into fogs which the sailors call Cape Horn blankets and which are the sure forerunners of storms. The extremely low levels to which the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego descend, soil, the meeting of conflicting winds of very different temperatures, are all direct causes combining to make this the most constantly stormy region in the world.

Great Deeds of Serbians.

The deeds of the Serbians and of Kara George, their leader, are so remarkable, according to a recent historian, that even legend can hardly exaggerate them. A handful of rayahs arises suddenly, routs great Turkish armies, besieges citadels, alternately defends and defeats pashas, and finally wins its independence by its own bravery. There is no case in which a single small power in the Balkans has done so much without more aid from the great powers. What Greece owed to Canning, Roumania to Louis Napoleon, and Bulgaria to Tsar Alexander, the tiny states of Serbia and Montenegro owed to themselves. The latter maintained, the former achieved, her liberty in the face of the whole Turkish empire.

Made His Mouth Water.

An ex-cannibal's regrets were told by the bishop of Bunbury, Australia. The bishop formerly held the see of Melanesia, which comprises what used to be called the "Cannibal Islands." There he had for servant a young native who, before his conversion, had been a cannibal. One day the bishop received, among presents from home a tin of sheep's tongues, on which he made a raid for his luncheon. The "boy" looked on, his mouth watering, but with perplexity writ large on his face. He afterward confessed that he thought the tongues were human, and that his episcopal master had relapsed into cannibalism. The dish reminded him of a delicacy which had been the delight of his unregenerate days.

A Cubist Puzzle.

The wife of a well-known cubist artist was returning from Spain to France. The customs officer opened her baggage and discovered a remarkable canvas. The picture appeared to represent a collection of old iron, which had been strongly colored. The officer gazed with astonishment, mingled with suspicion, at the work of art. "That's my portrait," said the lady coldly. "Never!" retorted her examiner. "That must be the plan of a submarine or airplane!" An engineer as expert was called. He looked at the masterpiece for a long time and turned it round and round. Finally he said: "It is possibly a machine, but it will not explode!" On this the lady was allowed to depart.

Duty of Being Brave.

It is an everlasting duty, the duty of being brave. Valor is still value. The first duty of a man is still that of subduing fear. We must get rid of fear; we cannot act till then. A man shall and must be valiant, he must march forward. Now and always the completeness of his victory over fear will determine how much of a man he is.—Carlyle.

Votes That Don't Count.

Son—"Father, I'm thinking of taking the political economy course at college." Alderman Clancy—"All right, me son; but remimber this: Ye can't niver depind awn a vote ye buy cheap."—Life.

Elephants' Age in Doubt.

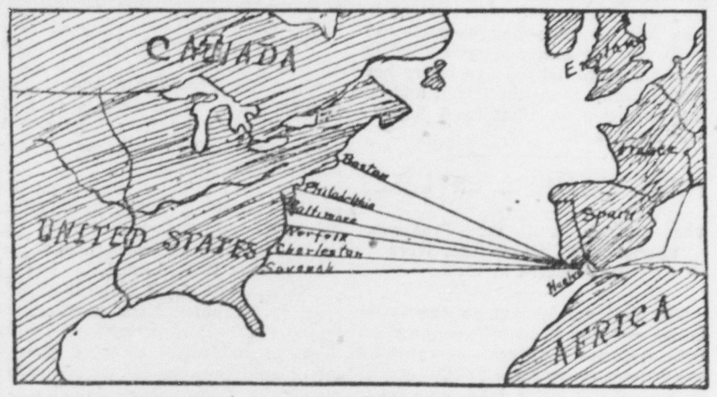
The age of elephants is widely disputed, the best calculations of hunters and scientists being admittedly only little more than hazardous, says the New York World.

SUBMARINES AND SOIL FERTILITY

How the War Affects the Farmer's Ability to Produce Bumper Crops.

The grip of the scourge of the seas is now, after months of warfare, felt by the American farmer. When the Lusitania went down the whole world shivered with horror—horror at the very savagery of the deed, yet few of us realized at the time that within a comparatively short time the entire world would, in one way or another, be at the mercy of these newest and most savage of all implements of war. Least of all did the American farmer realize that the submarine menace would have any effect whatever on his ability to raise crops and do his bit in the line of food production.

But it has! The war itself in its earliest day cut off supplies of potash. Now the submarine warfare has reduced the supply of Spanish pyrites from which sulphuric acid is made. This sulphuric acid is used in the manufacture of acid phosphate, and also in the making of complete fertilizers. Without it raw rock phosphate has but little agricultural value, and many materials now used in fertilizers could not be included.



The route followed by boats in carrying pyrites from Spain. The entrance to the Mediterranean is a favorite lurking place for submarines.

Pyrites Carried at Low Rates.

These Spanish pyrites are usually shipped from the port of Huelva on the southwest coast of Spain, this side of the Gibraltar Gateway. Mediterranean freighters returning from Europe take on these pyrites at very low freight rates, even almost as ballast. From Huelva the pyrites are carried to Charleston, to Savannah, to Norfolk, to Baltimore, and points north. At these places the pyrites are burned, the sulphur separated and turned into sulphuric acid. Later on, ton for ton this acid is mixed with rock phosphate, and in this way the acid phosphate of commerce is produced. In other factories this acid phosphate is mixed with the blood, bone and tankage of great slaughter houses, and with other materials carrying nitrogen, for the production of the complete fertilizers on which depends the production of a sufficient supply of food crops.

Some of these Mediterranean freighters have been commandeered by the government, others have been sent down by the dreaded submarine, and still others are tied up in neutral ports all over the world.

Conditions Are Serious.

Few farmers realize the serious nature of the case. Perhaps the average boat in this trade will carry four thousand tons of pyrites. Every ton of pyrites will make in the neighborhood of four tons of acid phosphate, or up to eight tons of complete fertilizer. Every four thousand ton boat taken from the pyrites carrying trade means a loss of the acid for the fertilizer which would usually serve approximately 150,000 acres of corn, of wheat, or of any other cereal crop. It diminishes by this much the ability of the farmer to utilize to advantage his short supply of farm labor, to grow sufficient crops, and at the same time give up to military service the boys of the farm.

Domestic Pyrites Help.

But this doesn't mean that we shall have no fertilizer. All over the country there are small domestic deposits of pyrites. These can be and are being manufactured into sulphuric acid for fertilizer use and it looks as though there will be enough. But the freight trade on these domestic pyrites is higher than that of Spanish pyrites, and the quality often lower. The cost of labor in mining is always higher, and the cost of handling greater. These facts mean inevitably an increase in the cost of acid phosphate and complete fertilizer. Fortunately, however, this increase in cost is more than balanced by the increase in price which the farmer receives for his crop. Were this not the case, the American farmer and the American farm would indeed be in a bad way.

THE OVERSEAS ACRE FUND.

"The farmers of France are in far worse condition than perhaps you know. They have literally lost everything except their souls. After the last retreat of the German army, the entire countryside was devastated. No living thing remained, no birds, no animals, no trees, no crops—nothing. Wells were poisoned, all vestige of their former homes and buildings were demolished."

"Help is needed and needed quickly. Our funds will be used to buy food, clothing, farming implements, fertilizer, seeds, live stock, building materials, and other necessities as reported to us by the War Relief Clearance House. Every gift will be marked, 'Given with gratitude and good will from the farmers of America—through their Overseas Acre Fund.'" The above statement is from a pamphlet issued by the Overseas Acre Fund, which is carrying on a campaign to help the farmers of France.

Use High-Grade Fertilizers.

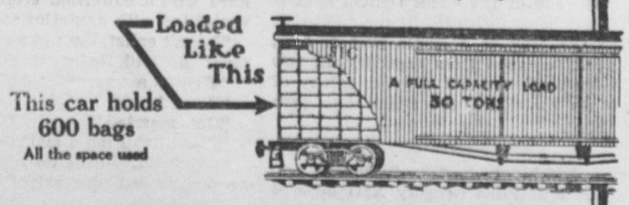
With fertilizers high priced and scarce this year, it is more important than ever to use high-grade rather than low-grade goods. Plant food always costs the consumer more in low-grade formulas, and now there is an added argument for high quality—less freight space is required to move a given amount of actual plant food.

Help The Railroads.

When you order fertilizer and other spring supplies late, your agent or dealer orders out a minimum car:

He can't afford to wait for other orders; shipments caught in the rush of the season may be delayed too long. Fertilizer must be delivered before planting time.

When you *order early*, it gives your dealer or agent a chance to combine orders. He orders out his fertilizers in full capacity cars:



This means—not more business for him, but better service to you. The car shortage is relieved. One full car does the work of three minimum cars. The other cars can be used for hauling farm supplies—*which helps you;* for the carriage of food—*which helps producer and consumer* alike; and for transporting munitions and war supplies—*which helps the Nation.*

The railroads have a doubled importance in times of war. They are a vital part of our system of national defense. They deserve our full co-operation so they may give their best service to us and to our Nation.

ORDER CARS LOADED TO CAPACITY

CROP PRICES AND DOLLAR VALUES

Commodity Prices Are High, but Crops Are Higher—The Dollar Is Cheap.

When is a dollar not a dollar? Relative values shift so rapidly these days that a dollar has no definite value. It is merely a question of how much of the commodity you want, you can get for the commodity you have to exchange—whether that commodity be labor, live stock, corn or wheat.

A bushel of corn will buy more fertilizer now than it would in 1914.

Every purchase must be considered on the basis of relative values rather than dollar values.

The high quotations for spring fertilizers have caused many farmers to ask whether it will be possible to use fertilizers at a profit next season. The answer to this question may be found by a comparison of the relative purchasing power of crops before the war and at the present time.

In 1914 the usual corn fertilizer cost $21 per ton. Today the same fertilizer costs around $32 per ton—an increase of 50 per cent. In 1914 corn was worth about 60 cents per bushel, taking the country over. Today it sells at not less than $1.30 per bushel, on the farm—more than 100 per cent increase.

The same calculation could be made for wheat, potatoes, or almost any other crop (excepting in the case of those fertilizers containing potash).

Each individual farmer has merely to consider whether fertilizers paid before the war; if so they will pay even better now.

WHY FERTILIZER PRICES HAVE ADVANCED.

Cannon and crops use the same food. Six hundred thousand tons of nitrates went to make explosives last year, in the United States alone.

Sulphuric acid necessary for the manufacture of acid phosphate is normally made from Spanish sulphur ores. Submarines have now almost entirely cut off this supply.

Brimstone, used as a substitute source of sulphur, must be transported by rail at great expense from Louisiana and Texas, since the government has found it necessary to commandeer sulphur-carrying boats.

Large quantities of phosphate rock from Florida and Tennessee must now go by rail at high freight rates. Uncle Sam needs the boats.

Higher labor, machinery, coal and supply costs have caused a general advance in all raw materials, varying from 25 to 100 per cent.

Burlap bags which normally cost 10 cents each, now cost 25 cents and are scarce at that.

Labor which was plentiful in 1914 at $2.00 per day is now almost unobtainable at $3.50 per day.

There can be but one answer to conditions such as these; namely, high-priced fertilizers.

WHAT CAUSED FOOD SHORTAGE?

Herbert Hoover, U. S. Food Administrator, says there have been two prinicipal reasons to account for the present food shortage. First, the "unkindness of nature," including the late spring, droughts, hurricanes, poor conditions of rainfall, unexpected frosts and periods of intense heat in sections throughout the world.

Second, he gives "reduced productivity of the soil in Europe." Concerning this, Hoover says: "This condition has been brought about by bad management, unskilled work, and lack of fertilizers; and these in turn can be explained by the withdrawal of men from farm and field to army and factory, and the employment on the soil of overworked women, unskilled old men and listless prisoners. Furthermore the vicious submarine has sunk boat after boat filled with nitrates and fertilizers, conspiring to augment the pauperization of the earth, so that reduction in soil productivity was inevitable."

ARMIES ARE NEEDED AT HOME.

If this war is to be won, we shall have to put several armies in the field, the army of soldiers in the trenches, the army of food producers in the furrows, the women's army of food conservers, beating back the attacks of that world-old camp follower of war—famine, and a patriotic army of civilians in the business and political world. — The Banker-Farmer, Oct., 1917.

FARMERS AND THE WORLD WAR.

The farmer's tools of production in wartime become of importance second only to the needs of the army itself. Food production is a patriotic duty, and the farmer is in the second line of defense. Every effort is needed to increase production, to feed our armies and allies. Food prices are forced higher because the demand is increased greatly and the supply is limited.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 13, 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate $1.50 a year strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—— Advertising Rates. ——

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One Half Column, 1 year..... 70
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 40

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Just ten shopping days until Christmas.

The kind of turkey most of us will eat on Christmas will be the same as thatwe had on Thanksgiving—a turkeyless turkey.

Once more we urge upon the people of this section the extreme importance of economizing in the use of fuel and food. Coal is scarce and will be more so. This is as certain as the rising of the sun. We are fortunate that we have thus far escaped the coal famines that many other towns have experienced. But such a famine may strike us any day. The wise person will save every pound of coal possible and therby prepare for an emergency. Likewise with food. Scarcity of supply and freight congestion must be reckoned with. Constantly advancing prices will never be checked until the consumer shuts down on waste and limits purchases to actual necessities.

The Republican is informed upon reliable authority that during the severe cold spell of the present week the borough reservoir in Bellefonte has had but a very small amount of water in it each night. If this is true, and we have no reason to question the reliability of our information, it constitutes neglect that is virtually criminal. With severe winter prevailing there should be the greatest possible precautions taken to meet any emergency that might arise from fire. Inadequate water supply invariably is the chief cause for destructive fires. With the borough reservoir virtually depleted of water Bellefonte would have been helpless had there been a fire here during the past week. Fortunately we have escaped such a calamity. Isn't it about time that the borough officials, and any others even indirectly responsible, correct a condition which is a positive menace to the safety of life and the protection of property. Jersey Shore recently experienced a terrible fire. Osceola Mills also has had a costly blaze. How long is Bellefonte to continue in danger of experiencing a similar fate?

There was an occurrence Monday night in Bellefonte that calls for the most serious consideration by every citizen of the community. Fully five hundred persons were in the Garman Opera House when the electric lights went out. In private residences the result was nothing more serious than annoying inconvenience, but at the Opera House there was caused a situation that might have cost a frightful loss in human life. The five hundred or more persons sat in complete darkness and it would have taken nothing more than a cry of fire to have precipitated the crowd in a mad rush to escape. What would have happened in that event is too horrible to think about, but no human agency could then have prevented a sickening tragedy The fault was not that of the Opera House management. It seems hardly to be expected that two complete lighting systems might be maintained. There is no gas lighting in the community at present and it is doubtful if a second, or emergency, lighting system could be provided in any case. On the other hand there may be an accident at the electric lighting plant almost any hour, just such as happened Monday night and placed half the town in darkness until the cause could be remedied. A number of thoughtless hoodlums created some disorder in the Opera House while the lights were out. Manager Garman is to be commended for squelching the disorder before it assumed a more serious character. The incident serves to emphasize the importance of the electric lighting company redoubling its efforts to guard against accident to its lines on nights when large numbers of persons are assembled in public buildings.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Fine for cuts, burns, bruises. Should be kept in every home. 25c and 50c.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

HAD TO FIGHT DUEL OR WED

Young Man Surprised to Receive Challenge, But More Surprised to Find Foe a Woman.

William Kenrick, a Berkshire gentleman of a hundred years ago, left his property, which was considerable, to an only daughter. This young lady had a mind of her own and, finding none of her suitors to her liking, simply determined to wait until the right gentleman should come along.

It so happened that one day she attended a wedding at Reading, an exchange relates, where she met a young gentleman named Benjamin Child. He was a poor attorney. With this handsome young man the younger lady fell violently in love, but still she was cautious. She reasoned with herself for several days, trying to shake herself free of the sudden passion, but all in vain. Then, feeling that something must be done, but unable, from confusion of mind, to devise a proper course, she took the extraordinary step of sending the young man a letter demanding satisfaction for alleged injuries. She appointed a time and place for the hostile meeting. Mr. Child was much surprised, and quite at a loss to conceive who the challenger could be. By the advice of a friend, he decided to go to the dueling place. Here he was met by the young woman, who, much to his surprise, told him he would have to fight her or marry her. He naturally chose the latter, and, as the saying goes, they lived happily ever afterward.

FIRST STEAMERS ON LAKES

The Ontario and the Frontenac. Launched 101 Years Ago, Were Constructed in 1816.

The first steamboats on the Great Lakes were launched 101 years ago on Lake Ontario. Two craft operated by steam were constructed in 1816 on the shores of the latter lake, one being the Ontario, built at Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., and the other the Frontenac, which was launched at Ernestown, Canada, on September 7, 1816. The Frontenac was one of the finest steamboats afloat at that time. It cost $75,000, and was of 700-tons burden, its length of deck being 170 feet. The Frontenac was placed in operation 100 years ago, making three round trips each month from Kingston to York and Niagara. Capt. James McKenzie, who had had experience in the British navy, was placed in command. The Frontenac was in service on Lake Ontario for ten years, and soon had several rivals for the lake trade.

A fare of $15 was charged from Kingston to Niagara for first-class passengers, but deck passengers were carried for $3.75 a head. The freight rate was "4 shillings per barrel bulk."

The first steamship on Lake Erie was the Walk-in-the-Water, which was launched at Black Rock, near Buffalo, in 1818.

How to Keep Your Friends.

It is almost impossible to be genuinely friendly with a person who insists on being too close to you, on knowing all your thoughts, feelings and affairs, and on claiming your time and attention on the excuse of affection alone.

The bonds of true friendship must be easy and its demands must be for something real and vital. The woman who calls on you perpetually because she has taken a sudden fancy to you is a blind and selfish egotist, in a mild way. Her calls may interrupt your work and bore you intensely, but if you are a polite and courteous person you bear with her until she directs her attention elsewhere. She will probably tell the new friend that you are "very unresponsive." Some women clutch at every new acquaintance and then complain that they have so few friends. The reason is that friendship is not built on trivialties and whims, but by giving such valuable things as true consideration, real interest and manifesting a decent reserve as to the other person's confidence and nonconfidings. —Woman's Home Companion.

Rats Sworn Enemies of Birds.

The number of useful insect-eating birds nesting on the ground or in low bushes which fall victims to rats is extremely large and is one of the many kinds of injury done by these pernicious animals which cannot be computed, E. W. Nelson writes in the National Geographic Magazine. Probably few frequenters of the countryside have returned to look into a bird's nest to observe its condition without many times finding it destroyed and fragments of egg shells lying about. Unquestionably a large percentage of such nests located in the neighborhood of buildings have been raided by rats.

On one of the small Danish islands it has been authentically recorded that the progeny of a single pair of rats, which escaped from captivity, in two years exterminated a great colony of birds for which the island has been noted.

Washington's Two Birthdays.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII ordered that all the Catholic countries should adopt a new calendar. This calendar was correct and is at the present time in general use throughout the world. In the year that the calendar was adopted ten days were dropped. Thus the day after October 4 of the Julian calendar became October 15 in the Gregorian. This calendar was not adopted by England until 1752. Washington being born in 1732, he was twenty years old at the time the new calendar was adopted. Thus his first 20 birthdays fell on the 11th of February and the others fell on the 22nd.

Draft Number 4,612

By Victor Redcliffe

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Ezra Banyon was clumsily built, but immaculate as to his attire. He was crude and self-centered, yet he was a prince of good fellows, according to his favorite boon companions, and very liberal with his money when with the girls. Ezra had come to Woodville, the heir of a local merchant who had left quite a property. About all that Ezra did was to collect the revenue from the same.

"My principal is to get the best going, when you have the cash in hand to do it with," vaunted Ezra, "and I like to be popular. When I settle down I'm going to build the swellest house possible and marry the prettiest girl in the district."

"That means Esther Brill," suggested Ned Wheaton.

"Just right," suavely smiled and nodded Ezra. "Interested in that direction yourself, I hear?" he added, turning to another member of the group, Clyde Norton.

"Miss Brill has my most respectful regard," observed Norton, in his quiet, dignified way, and walked from the spot, to indicate his disapproval of discussing Miss Brill in public.

"Norton will stand little show if I start in," vaunted Ezra, twirling the hand that bore a preposterously big diamond and complacently jingling a lot of gold coins in his pocket. "It's money that talks, fellows, and I'll make it speak loud when I go courting."

"You've got the grand idea right enough," observed Ned, but winking at the others and not loth to working up Ezra to buy the dinners for the crowd.

All of which through various intermediate channels reached the knowledge of pretty Esther Brill, and set her thinking. She resented the boorish implication of Ezra that she was to be

Skip Everything But the Four Thousands.

bought like a piece of furniture, or an overcoat, on whim, and cheaply. Her pulses quickened momentarily as she thrilled at an appreciation of the reverent chivalry of Clyde Norton. She was not thinking of a husband, not even of a steady beau, but, looking ahead, she had her ideal, and Ezra did not fill it.

The young people of Woodville were thrown a good deal together of late. The war was the one regnant theme of interest and excitement, and the loyal little town was not backward in demonstrating its patriotism. There were home guard, Red Cross, protection, defense and all kinds of societies formed, while the eligible young men of the place organized to drill, preparatory to moving to the front when the call came.

It came, the call, Clyde Norton volunteered, half a hundred with him. Ezra waited for the draft. In the meantime none was more eloquent as to devotion to the cause. It was in money contributions to the ladies' societies that Ezra shone. Policy or liberality, he fairly overdid himself. In private life, however, along with his close chum and toady, Ned Wheaton, Ezra was a cowering, crestfallen craven, filled with anxieties and fears.

"I can't enlist, I'm not made for warfare," he told Ned pathetically.

"There's a way out," suggested Ned.

"What is it?"

"Get married."

"They'll call me a slacker."

"Let them. What do you care, if it keeps you out of service."

Thenceforward Ezra studiously, seriously courted Esther. He made little progress. Somehow, the clever young lady, while all smiles and full of pretty winning ways, evaded any opportunity where he might declare his unbounded love.

Ezra was quite prostrated the day he had to register for the draft. Then ensued to him the soul sickening suspense of awaiting the announcement of the draft numbers. Ned rushed into their room one afternoon waving a city newspaper.

"Just got it at the train," he announced. "First 2,000 numbers drawn."

"Is—is—4612, my number, among them," questioned Ezra, in a dry, cracked tone.

"Don't know. Unlucky numbers those—they figure up 13. I'll see. Here you are," and Ned opened the newspaper as Ezra fell bodily into a chair, trembling, panting, wild-eyed.

"262—9471—11320—2071," and so on. Ned rapidly read off the numbers in rotation.

"Skip everything but the four thousands," directed Ezra in quavering accents.

"All right—4—(Ezra shuddered)—398," Ezra took heart. Another four, two in rotation. "Ah, here we are—4612."

Ezra shrunk within himself. He toppled sideways. He nearly fainted.

"I can't go! I won't go!" he chattered. "Oh, Ned! help me out of this awful fix. I don't care what it costs. I'll pay $5,000 for exemption. Can't you bribe the examining physician?"

"Dangerous! Treason! Hold on, say, are you game for the money? If I can fix you up right and get you rejected, is it a thousand cash for me?"

"Two; three!" cried Ezra eagerly. "Only get it done."

"I've got a scheme," declared Ned, his eyes snapping from the impulse of a grand idea. "Tell your friends you're called on business to the city for a week. I'll do the rest."

"The rest," began with Ezra and his acolyte visiting the metropolis next day. Ned's scheme was simple, if infamous. He had a crony who was a dentist. The latter, well bribed, imparted to Ezra the information that he could fix up his teeth so that no recruiting board in the world would accept him for service.

It cost Ezra eight teeth and $500. He would have to "gum it along" for the future, but what cared he, so that the offensive smell of powder did not assail his delicate nerves!

His jaws became swollen. He could not enjoy his food, the lack of the teeth made him look older, but Ezra bore this martyrdom with patience. With Ned he returned to Woodville one morning to report to the examining board. As he entered the presence of the chief examiner Ezra blurted out:

"I want to make claim for exemption. You see—"

"No need," sharply snapped the official keenly glancing over Ezra from top to toe. "You're the worst specimen of flat feet I ever saw. Exempt. Next!"

Ezra Banyon could have danced for joy. He pathetically eyed Ned as they came outside, however. The latter grinned. There was a spice of diabolism in the grimace, for at heart Ned despised his craven employer.

"Ned," observed Ezra dismally, "we need not have sacrificed those molars!"

Now that the mental suspense was over, physical realization asserted itself. Those swollen gums became a constant menace. Ezra sneaked back to the city.

"Infection," crisply reported the dentist, as he examined Ezra's mouth. "I fear you are going to have a time of it."

Which verily Ezra did. For a full month he was lanced, poulticed, drugged. During the interim he had Ned go about disseminating his sentiments. The country he loved had refused his valiant services! Eager to battle the nation's foes, he was crushed at its ignoble decision! But at least he could do his bit. He sent a check for $500 to the local Red Cross society. He asked permission to head the home guard. His time, his means were at the disposal of the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Ezra reached his home town after dark. He wished it so, for he had quarreled with Ned, whom he had refused a loan, and who had left him significantly hinting about knowing a good deal that would be great scandal food for the gossips. Ezra wondered if Ned had betrayed him. He would feel his way and call upon Esther. He would flash upon her the star he wore, entitling him to act in "associated secret service work" for the government. He would display the glittering red, white and blue pin he wore, made up of rubies, diamonds and sapphires. The local paper should chronicle a big subscription to the soldiers' families fund with the morrow.

As Ezra started from the depot for home, a dozen uniformed men with brass instruments under their arms flashed by him in three automobiles.

"Who are those fellows?" questioned Ezra of a bystander.

"Woodville Company A," came the prompt response. "They're going down to the Brill home to serenade Clyde Norton and his bride, just married. He's Captain Norton, now."

Ezra Banyon returned to the depot. He sneaked back to the city, hiding in the darkest corner of the smoker.

Wrathily he reckoned up the cost of his exemption tactics. He could not grind his teeth, for most of them were gone. He could not stamp his feet in rage—they were too flat. He could only glare, and mumble, and shrink within his unworthy self, at heart and in verity—a "slacker."

Chinese Ambulance.

One of the reasons why the people of the Occident are generally disposed to agree with Bret Harte that "the heathen Chinee is peculiar" is their unusual method of handling the sick. For instance, their ambulance is certainly a strange conveyance. It is of wicker basketry of the same type as that used for carrying pigs and poultry to market. Crude as this type of conveyance seems, no rubber-tired automobile could travel with less jolting. The carriers work in relays, going slowly and resting at intervals.—Popular Science Monthly.

TO SETTLE FAMILY ARGUMENT

Friendly Wagers Between Husband and Wife Serve to Quench Frequent Dangerous Quarrels.

Here is a plan by which a great many family quarrels have been averted for a certain couple. They used to quarrel all the time.

Before, the wife would say:

"My dear, you'll make a mistake if you do so and so."

And the husband would reply:

"My darling, you are altogether too fussy. I know my business. Kindly let me alone, will you?"

Then would ensue a row of fearful dimensions that sometimes would shake the house, startle the servants and scandalize the neighborhood.

But now they do differently.

When they disagree they do it thus:

"Well, dear, if you think you're right, suppose you back your opinion? If I'm wrong I'll give you half a dozen pairs of gloves."

If she feels pretty confident she backs her opinion with a box of cigars, and the agreement is carefully signed by both and locked up. Then one or the other pays when the decision is reached. The young woman has an income of her own, so the arrangement is a fair one, which it might hardly be were she compelled to take her husband's own money to pay for his cigars.

Gambling is, of course, a wicked thing to do, but it checks wild assertions and smothers, in this case, many a fire that would burn up comfort.—New York Evening Post.

MAY USE KENTUCKY STONE

Product of Blue Grass State Believed as Good and Cheap as Bavarian Article.

It is believed that after the war is over lithographic stone quarried in Kentucky may be put on the market as cheaply as the Bavarian stone which has been the principal source of supply for a long time. Small quantities of the Kentucky stone have been sold already, but the high cost of labor in this country and the difficulty of working the stone have kept it out of serious competition with the foreign product.

The European stone occurs in thin layers, which require little but planing and polishing after being removed from the quarry. The American stone is in beds from three to ten feet thick and must be sawed into thin layers before it is ready for use.

The Bavarian quarries have been worked so long that vast piles of waste have accumulated that must be moved from time to time, thus adding to the cost of production. The American quarries have found a market for the crushed refuse from their quarries, and this by-product helps reduce the cost.

The better grades of lithographic stone bring five to six cents a pound for slabs ten by twelve inches and the poorer grades a cent and a half a pound.

A Spectacled Dog.

A short time ago, an article was widely published about a valuable hunting dog which had been fitted with eyeglasses for astigmatism. Probably most people who read it, laughed and thought it a fake.

The modern science of fitting eyeglasses, however, makes it possible to fit a dog, or any other dumb animal, with a lens which will correct its eyesight. Up-to-date methods have brought about the invention of instruments by which the error of the human eye can be accurately measured, and lenses to correct the error prescribed without asking the patient a single question. The "silent method" is very rarely used exclusively, however, except in the case of the foreigner, or our friend the dog, when no interchange of thought can be effected and the examiner must rely entirely upon the findings of his instruments.—Wellsworth Magazine.

The Thin People.

Overeating is a common cause of emaciation, paradoxical as this statement may seem. Many of our thinnest neighbors are the biggest eaters of the community, Physical Culture Magazine says. It is an old-fashioned saying that these people "eat so much that it makes them thin to carry it around." In any case, it is not a question of the amount of food one swallows, but a question of how much is digested and assimilated. Many persons will gain in weight upon discontinuing the three-meal plan and adopting the plan of two meals per day. The stomach is then no longer overburdened or overworked, and the digestion is so much more perfect and the health so improved that a gain in weight results naturally.

Carnauba Wax.

Carnauba wax is made from the leaves of the carnauba plant, indigenous to the state of Piauhy, Ceara, and Rio Grande do Norte, in northeastern Brazil, whose roots are used locally as medicine, whose branches are used for bridge and housebuilding because they resist the attacks of insects, and whose fibers are used in rope and papermaking; the wax has been used extensively in adulterating beeswax, but is finding an honest market on its merits, not only for candle manufacture, but for coating the insulating material of electric wires, etc.; the annual production of wax in Rio Grande do Norte is about 450 tons a year, valued at about $250,000; perhaps three-fourths of this is exported; but the forests of carnauba plant can produce, if developed, many times this quantity.

Penn State Students Honored.

Two Pennsylvania State College students, both members of the American Ambulance Service in France, have been awarded the Croix de Guerre for conspicuous bravery under fire. They are W. B. Byres and F. P. Smith, former members of the class of 1919. With the war cross each was given a silver bar as a special tribute from the general of the 68th Division of the French Army.

Byers and Smith left college last spring. They enlisted for six months as ambulance drivers and have been in active service on the Western Front.

Smith is still in France, but Byres, whose enlistment has expired, returned to the United States to enter military aviation service.

Judge-Elect Appointed.

Governor Brumbaugh on Wednesday, December 5th, appointed Judge-elect Robert B. McCormick, of the Cameron, Clinton and Elk judicial district, to fill the unexpired term of Judge Harry Alvan Hall, who died a few days before.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	45
Eggs	50

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.80
Oats	60
Rye	1.50

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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There should be one in each locality
30x3 Non Skids $6 80
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The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
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500	"	"	50	"
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W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Here's Your Chance You Can Live in a New Up-to-Date Home

By moving to Clearfield

We have new homes for several families with girls to work in the Velvet Mill.

For particulars apply to

Clearfield Textile Co.

For Music Lovers

We have for sale the following machines—all guaranteed.—

2 Standard Machines
1 Edison, second-hand

also Records for above, and the Victor and the Columbia

We solicit orders for

Victor Victrolas & Columbia Machines & Records

Repair work neatly and promptly attended to on all makes of talking machines, guns, locks, etc

Bryan & Rosenhoover
1st door above main entrance to Garman Opera House

Correspondence

Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Weber, of Huntingdon, attended the funeral of J. H. Meyer on Tuesday.

Robert Harter, of State College, spent Sunday at the J. M. Ross home.

Mrs. A. J. Hazel was a Lock Haven visitor from Friday until Tuesday.

Mrs. Newton Yarnell is spending some time with her husband who is employed at Paxtonville.

Mrs. Rebecca Resides, of Sandy Ridge, was the guest of Mrs. E. E. Brown for several days recently.

Mrs. George Fisher and son, Harold, spent Tuesday at Bellefonte.

Mrs. Charles Segner went to Carlisle on Monday where she attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Julia A. Frohn.

Mrs. Harry Lonberger and three daughters of State College, spent the week end at the home of D. W. Meyer.

Mrs. J. A. Gingerich and daughter spent Thursday of last week at Oak Hall.

Huston Shuey moved his family to State College on Wednesday.

JERSEY SHORE'S BIG BLAZE

It Raged for Eight Hours—Loss is Estimated at $600,000.

Fire, which broke out at Jersey Shore early Sunday morning, burned over three whole blocks, rendering thirty-two families homeless, destroying ten business houses and causing a loss estimated at $600,000, before it burned itself out along the river bank after raging unchecked for several hours.

The fire was discovered about 4 o'clock in James McCullough's large general store in which Lee Larimer, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Larimer, of Bellefonte, for years was the chief clerk and probably had an interest in the business. The fire was fanned by a strong wind and soon was beyond the control of the local fire company. Assistance was started from Williamsport, but the motor driven engine became stalled in a snow drift a few miles north of Williamsport and had to turn back. Lock Haven also started assistance but on account of the heavy snow the fire fighters did not arrive until several hours later.

Several of the families burned out were driven out in scant attire with the thermometer near zero and with a blizzard raging.

Of the ten business houses totally destroyed, the heaviest losers were the S. M. Carter Shoe store, Kelscaner Undertaking establishment, Samuel Henry Tailoring establishment, McCullough Dry Goods store, Willard Cash grocery, Probst meat market, A. L. English Dry Goods store and the Zettle Bakery and Confectionery store.

More than 100 persons were forced to flee from their homes. They suffered greatly, but as quickly as possible were taken to homes in other sections of the town, outside the fire zone.

Lee Umstead, a fireman, was badly hurt in a fall from a ladder while fighting the flames, but it is believed he will recover

From the McCullough building, on Main Street, the fire spread to the Willard block, then jumped across the street and swept both sides of Main Street in the block between Smith and Thompson Streets. The only buildings in the two blocks left standing are the Presbyterian church and parsonage, the Methodist Episcopal church and parsonage and one dwelling. It was eight hours after the fire was discovered before it was under control.

Long Time in Existence.

With this week's issue the Clearfield Republican winds up its 90th anniversary of its existance. Of course, our friend John Short wasn't there at its inception but he has been on the job for a good many years, and it is now a very readable paper.

RED CROSS DRIVE FOR MEMBERS

Begins December 17th, and Continues Until the Night Before Christmas.

The first guns of the great Christmas Membership Campaign to be conducted by the American Red Cross for 10,000,000 new members, will be fired from the pulpits all over the United States, Sunday December 16th, and all the churches in Bellefonte will observe this day and start our Campaign for 2500 new members.

Every man, woman and child in Centre County should be wearing a Red Cross button, and every home should have a membership flag in the window. A button will be given when you pay your dollar, and at your house will be left a paper flag to which will be attached an additional cross for every member of the family belonging to the Red Cross. These flags are to be displayed in a front window, and Christmas Eve a lighted candle placed back of them will reflect the cross on the outside.

There will be a house to house canvass and booths will be placed in stores and prominent places of the town, as well as on the streets, in which girls wearing the Red Cross uniform will solicit memberships, so when you see the committee at your door or pass a booth, have your dollar ready. It has been said that the Red Cross is the growl of the American people; let Bellefonte growl so she can be heard during the work of the great drive.

An Interesting Demonstration.

Last Thursday afternoon Miss Dashiell, who is in charge of the economic department of the Bellefonte High School, gave a public and interesting demonstration of food conservation, or in other words, articles of food made without what was called or considered the assentials, such as sugar, butter and eggs, all of which are now selling at a premium, and too costly to be put in general use as they were eight or ten years ago. Miss Dashiells gave a practical demonstration of how a meal could be prepared for a family of six for 75 cents. It is said a lady, whose name we have heard, mistook the figures and thought the meal costed $7.50, and naturally came to the conclustoon that it was a poor meal to have cost that amount of money. Of course this was a mistake and we are sorry it was a woman because the majority of them claim to be immune against all mistakes.

However, Miss Dashiell has studied the question very carefully and with her pupils has been making repeated demonstrations of how cakes, bread and pastries can be made by eliminating the costly ingredients and has become quite successful.

The Y. W. C. A. War Fund.

The drive for the Y. W. C. A. War Fund, which was carried on this week by the Bellefonte Womans' Club, raised $221.51.

This was done by a committee of the Club women, who called on the other members, asking esch to do her bit.

The Pickwick Club, composed largely of women club members, contributed $5 00

Several young girls in spite of the driving snow storm on Saturday, collected $13.01.

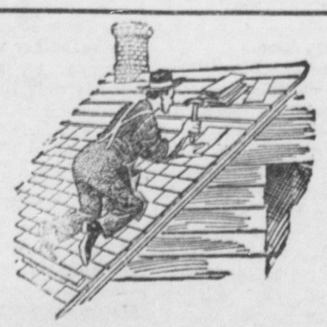
These two amounts are included in the total of $221.51.

This sum goes to carry on the splendid work of the Y. W. C. A. at our cantonments, where hostess houses afford proper places for women to meet their boys and where the organization looks after the girls who come without protection.

In behalf of the committee I wish to thank all who responded to this appeal.

ELIZABETH B. BEACH,
Treasurer.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price $1 00.



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

John McSuley, of Bellefonte, with brush and green paint recently made the rounds over the town brightening up the mail boxes.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Houtz, of Bald Eagle valley, passed through Bellefonte Saturday. Mrs. Houtz had been visiting relatives and friends in College township, near Lemont.

Capt. Samuel Fleming, of Harrisburg, and Miss Sarah Hastings, of Bellefonte, will be married Tuesday, January 8th. The nuptial event will take place in the Bellefonte Presbyterian church.

Sergeant W. Fred Reynolds Jr., who left Bellefonte for Camp Hancock, Ga., with Troop L, now of the 112th Infantry, has been advanced to a second lieutenant. The promotion was made by Major General Charles M. Clement in connection with a long line of appointments.

Mrs. Mary Parsons, of Altoona, who has a number of acquaintances in Bellefonte, recently observed her 89th birthday. Despite her advanced age she just completed a pair of woolen socks for some soldier in the trenches. The needles used are those she plied during the Civil War when her deceased husband was a soldier in the Union army.

George W. Wood, of Ruthland, Vermont, representing the Ruthland Fire Clay Co., recently purchased from Col. W. Fred Reynolds the two boilers and engine that were used in connection with the water power to run what was known as the Pheonix flouring mill, on Willowbank street, now used by Danenhower &Son as a wholesalegrocery. The boilers will be put in a plant that manufacture fifteen or twenty articles from fire clay.

Dr. J. C. Helfrich, returned to Bellefonte Monday evening from Washington, D. C., where he had been spending several weeks looking over the war situation. He has not decided definitely what branch of the war service he will enter but will make his selection within a short time. He was very much pleased with what he saw in the Capitol City from an educational standpoint both as to the question of the war and general intelligence.

One day recently William P. Humes, of Bellefonte, was in Oil City and while there called on Harvey McClure, son of Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure, of Bellefonte, who holds a lucrative and responsible position in that city. He was also glad to see Rev. Samuel McClure, who recently arrived in America after eight years of service as a missionary in China. Mr. Humes says he looks fine and expects to be in Bellefonte in the near future.

Sunday a week ago J. E. LaBarre, agent for the Alpha Cement Company, left Bellefonte on his last trip until spring. When he reached Ridgeway he became ill and went to the hospital where his ailment was pronounced appendicitis. He remained there for almost a week when the disease was scattered to the extent that he was able to return to Bellefonte Saturday and on Monday submitted to an operation in the Bellefonte hospital attended by Miss Willard, the trained nurse. He is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Kattie Hunter, of Pittsburgh, who had been visiting at the home of Levi Miller, at Pleasant Gap, for a couple of weeks, arrived in Bellefonte Monday morning and spent several hours with ex-senator and Mrs. P. Gray Meek before taking the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer in the afternoon for her home in the Smoky City. She is the daughter of the late James and Ellen Furey and years ago made her home in Bellefonte whe she has many warm and genial friends. She is a niece of the late Adam V. Larimer, formerly a member of the Centre County Bar, but who early in life went west and settled in Omaha, Neb. She was also a niece of the late Mrs. William T. Speer.

St. John's Church (Episcopal.) Services for the week beginning Dec. 16: Third Sunday in Advent, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "The Red Cross at Christmastide." 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "Supplying Priests for the Church." Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are Ember days on which the church enjoins abstinence with special prayer for those about to receive the sacrament of Holy Orders. Wednesday, 7:30 a. m. Holy Eucharist. Friday feast of St. Thomas, 7.30 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 12 noon, Intercessions for the coming of God's Kingdom and for the peace of the world. 7.30 p. m. Litany and instruction. Visitors welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

Several months ago Gunahr Henricks, a Norwegian, came to Bellefonte and secured work with the Abramsen machine shops. He is a very fine young man whose aim and object of coming to America was to secure an education. He came across the big pond three years ago last Sunday and on Saturday went before Prothonotary D. R. Foreman and made his first application for naturalization papers. He is the first Swede that has taken out papers since Mr. Foreman has been connected with that office and probably he is the first of his nationality who applied for papers of that character in the county. He is thinking of taking a course at State College and with this end in view he has sent for his diploma he being a graduate from the High School in one of the towns of his native land.

Henry Keller, Charles Gates and Lester Musser are in Bellefonte. They are all members of Troop L now located at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. They are here on short furloughs.

It is rumored around that Miss Baer a teacher in the Bellefonte High School, has been thinking seriously of going to France as a nurse. If this is correct she certainly will do her bit to win the war.

A letter from Henry Lowry, of McKeesport, says that his son Henry, Jr., arrived in Texas Sunday morning under orders from "Uncle Sam". He enlisted in the aviation corps. Henry says it has been ten below zero in that place. He is the type of a young man who will make good.

When looking for Christmas groceries, candies, fruits and nuts put it down in your note book to visit Sechler & Co's. grocery store in the Bush House block. Everthing is of the freshest and purest and at reasonable prices. Take a stroll into their store and we will assure you you will be well pleased. Everything is up-to-date and it must be good or no sale. Don't forget Sechler & Co.

Wednesday afternoon Frank Clemson, wife, daughter and two sons started from their home on Buffalo Run to come to Bellefonte. They were in an automobile and everything went all right until they passed a short distance beyond Waddle when they began to encounter deep snow drifts and were six hours in getting to Bellefonte. Mr. Clemson says he never had such difficulty in getting along.

Wednesday afternoon at Milesburg two freight trains tried to do the impossible by trying to pass each other on the same track. The result was that four cars were thrown off the track, causing a general tie-up of traffic for several hours. One of them was the local freight which had in its make-up a passenger coach which had just been repaired by the Bellefonte Central Railroad Company and was on the way to some railroad company in Louisiana. In the concussion this car was badly damaged. No person was injured.

Wednesday afternon about 2.30 o'clock Sheriff Yarnell and Policeman Harry Dukeman left Bellefonte for Unionville on a business trip. When they reached Central City they drove up behind the Titan Metal Co's truck driven by Edwin Kelley. When they reached the thoroughfare leading to the Milesburg station Kelley turned half way in off the main road and stopped suddenly to throw into low gear. Sheriff Yarnell was only about twenty feet behind him and could not help but run into the boxes on the truck containing iron rods. The result was the front of the Sheriff's car was so badly damaged that they were unable to make the trip and returned to Bellefonte.

Christmas Shoppers.

Why go out of Bellefonte to do shopping when you find just as good gifts in the stores at home and at satisfactory prices for war times. Already the display windows of the numerous Bellefonte stores have put on a holiday appearance and are very inviting. We draw special attention to the stores of Montgomery & Co., Green's Pharmacy Co., and Weaver Bros. They are all up-to-date merchants and any guarantee they give their customers is all right.

No Music in Piano Stool.

A Western settler went to the nearest township and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In a few days, however, he brought it back and demanded the money paid, as the stool was no good at all. The shopkeeper examined it and said it was in perfect order, and that it should not be thrown on his hands.

"Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful, and I gave it a turn and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It is no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus puts her tub on."

Fishing Village That Floats.

In the shadow of the huge Manhattan bridge which connects New York proper with Brooklyn nestles a veritable fishing village consisting of nine two-story houseboats moored side by side so as to form a solid row and sheltering the fishermen and their families, on whom New York city is dependent for a good part of its fish supply. But unless you are familiar with the vagaries of fish and the localities in which they school in certain seasons you need not go in search of this village. Often it disappears from a locality overnight, without any farewells, reappearing as quietly a few months later.—Popular Science Monthly.

Experts' Perilous Task.

One of the thrilling and hazardous duties which sometimes falls to the lot of game experts and wardens in mountainous regions of the West is to search out eagles' nests, rob them of their eggs, and perhaps take the young captive, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The perils of the task are not all passed when, with a rope ladder or by other precarious means, he has ascended or descended to the aerie, for then the intruder must face the powerful grown birds at close range, and often when he cannot defend himself to advantage. The searcher for the lofty nests also finds that the young fifty or sixty days old, can become disagreeably aggressive.

JUST RECEIVED A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Leggett's, Guth's and Jenson's

Delicious Chocolates.

Candies are Scarce, Call Soon as they will go fast.

SOLD ONLY AT

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores

TELLS ABOUT MERINO SHEEP

Writer Accounts for Thick Folds In Fleece, Not to Be Found in Other Popular Breeds.

Just about every so often I get to feeling sheepish, as it were, and have to write something to show my familiarity with those animals, says Strickland Gillilan in Farm Life.

The other day I saw my wife cooking a leg of lamb. Now and then she would open the door of the oven and flip some water over the meat.

Thus I learned how, when we start to roast somebody, we may be said to be giving him a lamb-basting.

You have often heard of sheepfolds, haven't you? Well, if you want to see a sheepfold look at any merino sheep, which accounts for the way the folds show on them.

When merino sheep were made, hide was cheaper than mutton and wool was a drug on the market. So a wee bit of sheep was wrapped in several sheepskins, necessitating a lot of overlaps. It seems easier to shir a sheep than to shear one.

There is an old rhyme which speaks of the "folded flock." Those must have been merinos. It is some nifty stunt to de-wool a merino and leave on more of the hide than of the wool. It is the only accordion plaited sheep in the solar system. If merinos had been washed in green persimmon juice all their lives they couldn't have been puckereder.

Evidently their mammas didn't use (that kind of) soap.

The Southdown, Oxforddown, Shropshire-down, etc., are sheep with clean dresses and dirty hands and faces.

The only sheep that wear bustles are the fat rumped sheep now being raised at the state college at Brookings, S. D. They carry a trailer, something like a locomotive, only there isn't a tender behind, except for eating purposes.

GOLDFISH MARKET OF JAPAN

Koriyama and Tokyo Are Leading Centers of Industry From Which Good Returns Are Gained.

Koriyama is known throughout Japan as the great gold-fish market, the city of Tokyo ranking next in importance, says a correspondent. The waters around the former city seem particularly suitable for the culture of the many kinds of gold fish.

Generally speaking the gold fish lay eggs in April, the eggs being hatched in four or five days. No food is given the younglings for three days, but they are then fed finely ground yolks of eggs mixed with water, the yolks being first boiled then strained through silk cloth. This diet is later changed to the larvae of mosquitoes.

The most valuable fish is called the "Lion Head," which gets its name from the crests or head fins that have the appearance of a lion's mane. Three-year-old fish of this variety command prices ranging from $5 to $20.

It is the usual custom to keep the fish in glass bowls, although the fish cannot fully develop under such circumstances. Flat boxes made of wood free from lye or shallow cement ponds are considered ideal for keeping the fish.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulets for bilious attacks. 25c at all stores.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth Woodring.

Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth Woodring, late of Worth township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, having been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to H. C. Woodring, Port Matilda, Pa.

H. C. WOODRING,
Administrator.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that recently there came upon the premises of the undersigned, one mile from Clarence, Centre County, Pa., a cow, aged probably eighteen months, red in color about body, with white legs. Owner is hereby notified to call and pay costs incurred by the undersigned or the said cow will be disposed of at public sale.

VALENT SVANCAR,
Clarence, Pa.

Lawyers to Banquet.

The annual banquet of the members of the Centre County Bar Association and various Court House officials will be held at the Country Club, at Hecla, on Saturday afternoon, next. Roast turkey will be the chief item on the menu. Efforts are being made to have every member of the bar attend, in order that they may be enlightened in regard to the service they will be expected to render in aiding drafted men to fill out the questionnaire blanks to be mailed on December 15th.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Building lots. Inquire of F. Potts Green, Bellefonte, Pa.

DAIRY FEED—J. S. Waite & Co., will get a car load of dairy feed this week.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

PRIVATE SALE—The William Cronoble property at Pleasant Gap. Inquire of George H. Yarnell, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework in private family of four. Communicate with Mrs. W. H. Martin, State College, Pa.

PERSONAL—Let Madam Kosmos help you by giving your life prediction. Send birthdate and dime. LeLaurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL—Let Madame Kosmos help you by telling the mysteries of your life, character and future. Send Birthdate and Dime. De Laurene Kosmos, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—Solid oak extension dining table with extra leaves, buffet and 6 leather chairs, all match, good as new. In first class condition. Will sell at big bargain to sell it quick. R. Russel Blair.

SALESMEN—Also managers for selling branches in each county for large calendar manufacturers. Start December 15. Will pay good money to capable men. Consolidated Calendar and Novelty Co. Erie, Pa.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable man, resident of Bellefonte, to manage local selling branch, also one salesman for Bellefonte and one living in each adjoining county. Address Consolidated Calendar & Novelty Co., Erie, Pa.

LIFE INSURANCE—Men attention: A progressive well established life insurance company has open a general agency connection for the Bellefonte District. Liberal commission and office allowance. Those interested in making a permanent association can receive full particulars by addressing General Manager, Suite 826 Lafayette Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

HELP WANTED—An unusual opportunity for young women to learn and become graduate nurses from one of Philadelphia's leading hospitals which is noted for the thoroughness of its training in general, surgical and maternity nursing. Comfortable nurses' home, under chaperon graduate nurses. Student nurses paid while learning. Circular information and application blanks upon request. West Philadelphia hospital for women, 4035 Parrish Street, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

The Lure of Moca

By Osborn Jones

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Among the students—and the faculty, too, for that matter—Professor Gray had the reputation of being the best-looking professor at Morton and the most confirmed old bachelor. On the score of his old-bachelorhood—though he was not past redemption at forty—they excused various little quips and quirks in his disposition. Not only was Professor Gray the head of the Greek department of the college but, as son of one of the leading benefactors of the college, he was one of the trustees as well. It was as a trustee that his objection on general principals to domestic science and household arts, as part of a college curriculum had thus far successfully blocked the building of the new domestic science extension. The money had been raised for the building, but because the site was part of the original Gray bequest, Professor Gray's objection made progress on the building impossible.

No wonder, then, that Jean Prescott, the attractive young head of such household arts department as there was at Morton, was filled with a sentiment toward Professor Gray that was as near to that of hatred as any that had ever entered into her spacious heart. Like most household arts instructors, Jean Prescott carried into her classes and laboratory an air of rare geniality. Professor Gray seldom carried much geniality into his Greek classes and perhaps that was the fault of his boarding-house keeper, for Gray had got to the point where having tasteless coffee and cold fried eggs for breakfast was getting on his nerves.

If he took real satisfaction in anything, however, it was that so far the

He Walked Slowly Away.

department of domestic science had been limited to Jean Prescott and that she had but two rooms—one for a lecture room and another for a laboratory—"merely a glorified kitchen" Jean told her students—in a semibasement section of one of the college buildings.

One day Professor Gray was correcting test papers in his private office beside an open window that let in a flood of sunshiny air that warmed, rather than chilled, the room. At first he sniffed subconsciously and then he dropped his fountain pen on his desk, laid down the test book and sniffed definitely. His thoughts took the form of "My, but that smells like good coffee." He tried to go back to work when something that smelled like the crisp browned edges of corn cakes baked to a turn—an aroma redolent with recollections of his youth and cheerful thoughts of a Southern mammy—tempted him again. He took in long draughts of the fragrance and then, rising, followed it to the window whence it entered his room. He looked down as if expecting to see a table set with coffee and corn cake in the court below, but he saw nothing save the wall of the building and numerous windows.

After that Gray made it a point to linger in his office every afternoon at about that time and he never failed to leave the window open even when the air became chill. Sometimes there came the fragrance of broiling bacon, sometimes the luscious odor of boiling sugar and chocolate. Once it was the mingled fragrance of beef and onions and carrots that spelled in his mind the kind of stew the old Southern mammy used to make.

Then one day when the smell had proved too tantalizing Professor Gray walked stealthily downstairs to the semibasement section of the building and, following the luscious flavors that now positively smote him with their vividness, he came upon an open door from whence issued the sounds of feminine voices and the occasional clatter of tins and crockery. It was Jean Prescott's domestic science laboratory and a laboratory session was in progress. Afraid of being observed, he walked slowly away and, as he walked through the end of the corridor, his eyes caught sight of a little card tacked up on a bulletin board.

"For sale for the benefit of the Red Cross," read the sign. "Products of the cookery laboratory will be an sale in Miss Prescott's office from 5 to 5:15 every afternoon."

Professor Gray made an excuse to himself to remain in his office until late that afternoon and at just 4:59 he slipped down to Miss Prescott's office and, with a mumbled sort of remark about wanting to help the Red Cross, he spent a dollar on dainties that had been made under Jean's careful direction. It was then that he first really looked into the new instructor's face and he admitted to himself that there was more good cheer and vivacity in it than in the faces of the other woman instructors. "Perhaps cookery has a better effect on women," he reflected, "than calculous or quadratics or the Iliad or the Odyssey."

Then one day Jean and her first class in cookery gave a luncheon for certain chosen members of the faculty and, strangely enough, Jean had the temerity to invite as guest of honor the man who was the most confirmed old bachelor in the faculty. He did especial honor to the feast and went away wondering why it would not be feasible for some person of wealth to endow a special domestic science school for boarding-house keepers, with a scholarship for his own remiss landlady.

That evening, instead of donning his dressing gown and reading in the aura of his student lamp, or sallying forth to play chess with some bachelor crony of his he took a half hour adding fine points to his toilet and sallied forth in the direction of the girl's dormitory. Could it be that he went to see Jean Prescott who made her home there?

The next day Professor Gray went to his safe deposit to take out of their dark hiding place some fine old gems of his mother's and later he was seen in the inner offices of one of the leading jeweler's. On his way back to his boarding house he stopped before several furniture-store windows and actually went into one fine furniture shop to price a replica of an old mahogany dining room set he had seen displayed.

He stopped at a florist shop when he neared home and ordered some orchids, though in his confusion at doing anything so unusual for him, he forgot to leave his card to be inclosed in them. But the one who received them guessed the sender without a card.

A few weeks later there was an important meeting of the trustees of the college, called specially by the president to discuss pressing business. All were present save Professor Gray, who sent his proxy. The most important announcement to be made was that the absent trustee had withdrawn his objection against building the domestic science extension on the old Gray property. It was also casually remarked among those trustees who were most intimate with the details of the university administration that the president was looking for a new head of the domestic science department. Miss Prescott would not return the next autumn. She was to be married. "However," commented the trustee, "other good instructors can be found. The important thing is to have removed Gray's objection. I wonder who persuaded him to give in?"

MADE NOTES OF HER ORDERS

Absent-Minded Beggar Even Promised to Think of Wifey Every Day While Absent.

The absent-minded beggar, booked for a two weeks' visit to his rich aunt, stood upon the doorstep receiving his wife's final instructions.

"Now, James," she said, "do please remember to put on your tie should you be called on to wear evening dress. Last time you went, you remember, you went down without it."

"I'll make a note of it," said the forgetful one.

"Also," continued the wife, "remember that Aunt Tabitha's brother Bill is a sore point with all of them. Don't mention him!"

"I'll put that down, too!" murmured the husband.

"Then, too, dear, do be careful about getting in draughts. You caught an awful cold last time."

"I'll try to remember," he returned.

She imprinted a farewell kiss upon his brow.

"I hope, dear," she said, a catch in her voice, "you'll think of me every day while you're gone."

"Yes, dear, I will," responded the hubby absently. "I'll make a memorandum of it."

Flying Fish.

Off southern California, tourists sometimes find themselves surrounded by swarms of flying fish, which spring out of the sea and soar like birds, says the American Boy. Their species is Exocoetus Californiesis, The fish attains a length of 18 inches, and a weight of more than a pound. The natural hydroplanes live in schools. The aviation is made possible by the propeller-like motion of the powerful tail and by fins which spread out rigid like monoplane wings. The flights are very swift and sometimes a quarter of a mile long.

Immense Stone Crusher.

A stone-breaking machine of rather notable size and capacity has been installed at Rogers City, Mich. It will hold 68 tons of material at one time, and will handle 1,250 tons an hour.

American Is Versatile.

At a certain well-known Swiss hotel, during one of his summer holidays in Switzerland, according to William T. Rowe in Case and Comment, Joseph H. Choate had just finished that distressing and gastronomically disappointing task, a table de hote dinner on the Swiss plan, when he was heartily greeted by an English gentleman who had sat at the opposite end of the table. The Englishman said: "We have been observing you, as an American, with much interest, and I want to ask you a very impertinent question, if I may. What are you by occupation or profession? Won't you be good enough to tell me, because my wife says you are a clergyman, my daughter insists you are an actor, and I say you are a lawyer. We can't all be right." "Yes, you can," instantly retorted Mr. Choate. "I am something of all three—three in one. I preach a good deal, act a little, and practice more or less law—which means that I am an American lawyer. Tell your wife and daughter you all guessed right."

Island of Santo Domingo.

It is incorrect to apply to the entire island the name of Haiti, as that was merely the aboriginal name for the western section (the present republic). The island should properly be called either Santo Domingo, by which it has been known for the greater part of the four centuries of the two names, Haiti-Santo Domingo. Another mistake that is made frequently is to refer to this republic as Santo Domingo. While the island may be properly called Santo Domingo, the correct name of the country is the Dominican Republic. Santo Domingo is not the name of a country, but of the capital and largest city of the Dominican republic. This island is also frequently confused with the island of Dominica The latter is a small British island in the lesser Antilles, about 350 miles southeast of Puerto Rico, between the French islands of Guadelope and Martinique. As this island was discovered by Columbus on Sunday he called it Dominica.

Modern Ideas of Greatness.

When we ask what it is that we moderns deem to constitute greatness among the men of our own or a comparatively recent time, we feel that the standard has somewhat changed. We set less store by monarchs, for they do not fill the stage of the world as they once did, although some of them have still large opportunities for doing good or harm. Neither do we give quite such special honor to military glory as former ages did. Nevertheless, the essential qualities that dazzle the eyes of man may be still the same. I speak chiefly of the greatness that consists in action, for the ruler, the statesman and the warrier do their work in the sight of the world and can be judged by it, whereas the poet or the philosopher may have long to wait for recognition and even a supreme scientific discovery may not be appreciated until long years have been spent in working out its applications.—The Youth's Companion.

Contagiousness of the Smile.

Anything which makes us smile produces within us the healthful excitation which gives us the pleasant emotions associated with smiling. The song which calls up the action of smiling in our minds calls up at the same time a mental echo of the actual experience and so puts us, as we sing it or hear it in a pleasant, happier frame and keeps us strong and well. There is much to show this. The contagiousness of a smile is quickly proved. Take a child into a crowded street car or elsewhere. If there is not a great counter attraction even the grouchiest crab around about will soon or late smile back at the cherub.—Exchange.

Origin of Cardinal's Red Hat.

It is a tradition that the red hat of the cardinal is due to the following circumstance: The Countess of Flanders complained to Innocent the Fourth that in a great assemblage she could not distinguish cardinals from abbots and other great personages of the church. Accordingly, at the council at Lyons in 1245, the pope prescribed that the red hat should replace the mitre; and ever since that time the symbol of the cardinal's rank has been a red hat. Since the year 1464 red robes have been worn by cardinals; the purple robes, which were decreed by Boniface the Eighth, are worn only in Lent and Advent.

Higher Mathematics.

One day during my grandson's third year I gave him several pieces of candy to divide with his little playmate, Virginia, says a contributor to an exchange. When he came into the house I asked him if he divided his candy with Virginia, and this was his reply: "Yes, grandma, I gave Virginia one piece and took one myself, then I gave her another piece and took another for myself, then there was one piece left and I ate that. Then we both had two pieces."

Raising Siberian Hares.

The raising of Siberian hares for commercial purposes has been undertaken on a large scale by business men on a farm near Hamilton, Ont.

Wouldn't If She Could.

Mrs. Newlywed—And, dear, drop in at Dacy's and see if you can match this silk. If it's so common I don't want any more of it.

The Sign of the Purple Parrot

By Hilda Morris

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Clarita Evans had always loved birds, ever since her childhood on the farm. She used to spend long hours alone in the woods, watching them and trying to imitate their calls. Later, some one gave her a bird book, and she learned to know their scientific names. When she went to college she took a course in ornithology, which she enjoyed more than any other part of her work. So when her father died suddenly, at the end of her sophomore year, leaving her with no relatives and only a little money, she resolved to start a bird store in the city.

Clarita had ideas. A number of her friends had started gift shops and tea rooms which were more or less "artistic." Clarita visited all such shops that she could find, noting their clever decorations.

"I don't see why a bird store can't be as attractive as any sort of gift shop," she argued. "Mine shall be, so that all the old ladies in town will want to give canaries to their grandchildren for Christmas."

It proved to be an attractive shop, as "different" as the most modern decorator could wish. After all there is nothing more decorative than birds, with their bright colors—or else why should we so often see them drawn and painted? Clarita's real birds, arranged among green plants, hung against gray walls, in quaint Japanese cages, furnished all the edcoration one could wish. The dove-gray sparrows with rose-colored bills hung in the window, and an artist friend of Clarita's painted a gay wooden shingle with these words: "The Sign of the Purple Parrot."

The shop succeeded, of course. People always come to stores that look

"How's Dick?" He Would Ask.

new and clever and attractive—especially when they are presided over by pretty auburn-haired girls like Clarita. Her voice was as sweet as any of her birds' notes, and her own bright coloring and fresh gowns quite as decorative—though in a different way. People did buy birds for Christmas, and most of them were as well satisfied with themselves for having encouraged the enterprise of such a nice girl as they were with their purchases. They even bought birds after Christmas.

Then in the spring Clarita had a new idea. What would the many people who were going away on trips or to hotels do with their birds? She got her artist friend to letter a sign for the window that read, "Birds Boarded." It was surprising how many birds wished to find summer quarters. A number of Clarita's former feathered pets came back to lodge and the little shop was filled with song and color and soft flutterings.

One June day a little old lady came into the shop, followed by a tall young man who appeared to be her son. He was a very tall man, quite unnecessarily tall for one so handsome to begin with, but he seemed to be rather embarrassed by the large gilded birdcage he was carrying. Possibly men do not like to carry bird cages through the streets.

The cage contained a pair of fine canaries, and they had come to board. The young man set them down, with a sigh of relief, and looked at Clarita, while his mother made arrangements for their care, giving the girl all sorts of careful directions.

"You see," she explained, "I'm going away for the summer, and my son is too busy, even if he'd remember to feed them, and I don't believe he would. I hate to leave them. I wonder—I wonder if you'd write me now and then, just to let me know they're all right?"

Clarita smiled amusedly. She would, of course. What was the address? Mrs. James Tucker—

The young man broke in, evidently embarrassed.

"Oh, I say, now, mother, you can't ask the young lady to do that. I'll let you know about the birds—I'll drop in once a week or so to see how they are. I'm more familiar with them, anyway, it would be much better."

"Well, perhaps—" agreed the old lady. She nodded to Clarita. "You're very kind," she said. "And please don't forget that cuttle-fish bone; fresh every three days. Very well. Good-morning!"

"Wasn't that a nice girl?" said Mrs. Tucker to her son, as they walked down the street. "I'm sure she'll be good to Dick and Nellie."

"I hope they'll be good to her," murmured the young man. "I should think any bird could sing in that shop."

Mrs. Tucker's anxieties concerning her pets must have multiplied as the summer went on, for Mr. James Tucker, Jr., found it necessary to drop in and look at the birds very frequently indeed. Clarita used to smile when she saw him coming. Mr. James, Jr., was a young lawyer, and his office not yet being overrun with clients, he found time to visit the bird store in the middle of the morning or the afternoon, or sometimes both. Birds were never better looked-after than were the Tucker canaries.

"How's Dick?" he would ask, coming in, to find Clarita polishing cages or filling tiny cups with bird-seed.

"Very well," Clarita would answer, most demurely. "He's been singing his head off this morning.

"Nothing strange in that," he would say. "I should, too, if I stayed here. Isn't there something I can do to help, Miss Evans? I've an hour or so to spare. Let me polish that brass; I'm used to shining up gear on my auto. I wish you could take a little spin in it tonight, after the birds are all asleep. Would you—?"

Then there came a day when Dick was not so well. He drooped and pined in his cage, with never a song. Clarita fussed over him, and doctored him for various bird ailments. But it was of no avail—Dick refused to be merry.

"Of course, he's a very old bird," Clarita said anxiously to James, who was very attentive to the invalid. "It's probably old age. I don't think there's much we can do. What a shame that your mother shouldn't see him again!"

"I might telegraph," he suggested, "but she's five hundred miles away. I doubt whether she'd come. She will be sorry, though. She's really fond of that poor old bird."

"Of course she is!" Clarita said with emphasis. "When you do like birds, you love them. You don't understand, James Tucker; you needn't laugh!"

"Well, I love something else besides birds," he defended. "That is I love somebody else. It's all right to want to spend your life with birds, but I'd rather spend mine with—"

Something in his tone made Clarita turn away quickly. A customer came in just then, and she was busy for an hour or more, so his sentence was not finished. However, Clarita knew what its ending would have been, and she pondered it that night as she sat alone at her window, looking out at the stars. She pondered it, and a little soft sigh escaped her. She was very happy.

Bird Dick died the next day. James came in, to find Clarita putting his soft little body into a moss-lined box.

"Poor old Dick!" said James Tucker. "Mother'll care a lot. We ought to make it up to her somehow. I might buy her another bird, but no bird could take Dick's place in her affections. I think the very best way would be to make her so happy about something else that she would be distracted. I know what I'd like to do."

"What?" asked Clarita—although she thought she knew.

"Take her a new daughter," said James Tucker. "What do you say, Clarita? Couldn't we be married now and break the news about Dick together? It would make her so happy she couldn't grieve for him at all. Mother's always wanted a daughter, Clarita, and you know that I love you more than anything in the wide world. Couldn't we be married now, Clarita?"

"Well," murmured Clarita, as his arm began to steal around her, "I don't know but what we could."

The Slouchy Man.

A slouchy young man is not only to be criticized for his outside habit, the way he walks, talks and dresses, but for the inside habit which these things imply, observes the Ohio State Journal. A slouchy man is slouchy inside as well as outside. His mind is slouchy, his thinking lags, his ambitions droop. Anyone can tell him on the streets. He swaggers along, lolls about and dresses like a scarecrow. The fashions are slouchy and he revels in them. You cannot expect much of such a man. His spirit drivels and lounges along as if to be orderly and proper was a sin. Such young men are poor timber for citizenship.

Thoughtful Parent.

Time, 2:30 a. m. A darkened chamber; night lamp dimly burning. A fretful cry, followed by soothing words from the young mother. Anon the plaintive wail, accompanied by a choking gulp. Again the mother's voice, in a higher pitch and imperative tone:

"Algy, dear, get me a wee pinch of sugar; the little darling has the hiccups."

The father of a fortnight (anxiously)—"Gracious goodness, Gladys! Don't think of giving her sweets. Why, you'll ruin her teeth before she's a month old."

Don't Think of Yourself.

In an article about imaginary troubles in the American Magazine, Dr. James J. Walsh says: "Indeed it seems, after a while, as though, if people have no real sources of worry to occupy them, they create some. If a man has occupation of mind enough to keep him from thinking about himself, then he is saved a great many of the solicitudes that less occupied people take so much to heart that they worry themselves nearly sick over them, and sometimes actually do so. David Harum uttered a very profound truth when he said, 'It's a mighty good thing for a dog to have fleas, because it keeps him from thinking too much about the fact that he is a dog.' Mankind actually seems to need some real sources of worry, or it will make them up, and the worst is that the made-up worries are almost insoluble. You can push through the real difficulties that cause the other sort of worries, and so get them behind you for a while, but an imaginary worry stays by interminably, unless you can throw it off."

Origin of Life.

The many speculations that have been published concerning the origin of life on the earth and on any other bodies in the universe where it may possibly exist usually assume that, in some way or other, "life germs" are transported across the gulfs of space from one planet to another. Thus it has been suggested that life may have been brought to the earth in meteors. One of the most recent suggestions is that minute "life germs" may escape from the atmosphere of a planet in which life exists, just as molecules of the atmospheric gases are believed to escape from our terrestrial atmosphere, and may be driven by light pressure to some world where physical conditions have become suitable to support life. While there is nothing essentially absurd in these hypotheses, it is not clear why their authors should take it for granted that life cannot originate de novo on a cooling planet.—Scientific American.

Britain's Colonial Traditions.

Great Britain has the colonial tradition and her able men will live anywhere—in the African jungle, the Egyptian desert, the Burmese bush on whatsoever heaven forsaken place the colonial office may choose to send them. Her best young men are brought up with the idea of administering these isolated and insalubrious spots on the atlas, and such of them as do not die of fever or get killed by the natives are content to come home and retire with a decoration at fifty. This system simplifies the British colonial problem immensely. Less fortunate nations deal with it in different ways. Germany administered her colonies with second-class men, because there were neither traditions nor inducements to draw the first-class men to the job. France is solving the problem in a characteristically French fashion. She is making the colonies attractive to the first-class man.

Parents and Nurses Blamed.

It is not so much the sub-conscious memory of a fall or of a fright in early childhood that produces a lifelong dread as it is "the unwise attitude of parents and nurses in focusing the child's attention upon the fear, in sapping his confidence by showing their own apprehensions and communicating them to the suggestible child," writes Dr. H. Charles Cameron of London to the Lancet. "The child of himself is not afraid to fall," he continues. "It is the parents who make him afraid by treating the fall as a disaster. The child of himself is not afraid of being left alone. It is the parents who undermine his confidence by keeping him always under observation from a nameless dread of what may happen to him."

Parasitism.

There is an aspect of spider-and-fly relations which fabulists and naturalists alike have overlooked. A correspondent, who has brought the microscope to bear on many housefies, finds that the parasite upon that hateful insect is often an immature spider. Too weak yet to spin its web, it makes the fly its winged palfrey, and courses from place to place at the will of its captive, either until Pegasus perishes naturally, or, presumably, until the rider is able to make a meal of his charger. This, if confirmed, seems to carry us a step farther in the study of parasitism and commensalism.—London Chronicle.

Founder of English Fiction.

Daniel Defoe has been called the real founder of English fiction, because he wrote the first noteworthy tale drawn from the imagination, but it was Samuel Richardson who first dealt with romance and heart throbs in the private lives of English families. He was born in 1689 and was the author of "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison," novels in which are commingled sickly sentiment and wearisome description. —Exchange.

The Strong and Weak.

The brave and bold persist even against fortune; the timid and cowardly rush to despair through fear alone.—Tacitus.

Care of the Canary.

Don't forget to give the canary a fresh bit of green every now and then; also that too much hemp seed makes him fat.

The Bloodstone Ring

By Florence L. Henderson

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Throw it! Why don't you throw it? Ho! Ho! Lefty! Why, you couldn't hit the side of a barn five feet away!"

Thus a tormenting urchin, dodging and retreating from the presence of the wrathful little miss he was mocking, Nellie Ross. "Lefty" was becoming a hated nickname to the neat, pretty child, who would incline to ambidextrous usages, despite discipline at home and ridicule at school.

Patience had ceased to be a virtue and the teacher had punished Nellie for persisting in using her slate pencil with her left hand. The shy, shamefaced pupil had been sentenced to stand the cynosure of the whole school with that persistent left hand held aloft for five minutes. Again, she was compelled to hold it in her apron pocket through the entire session.

They did not break Nellie of her whim, habit or misfortune, whichever it was. They nearly broke her tender little heart, however, as her heaving breast, her eyes filled with angry tears showed. The urchin had teased her to the last point of human endurance. Nellie had seized a clod of earth. She gave it a vigorous fling as her tormentor dodged behind some bushes. Over past them, leaving the enemy scathless, the missile sped.

Crash!

The youngster darted out of view of the schoolhouse. Nellie, appalled as she heard the jingle and clatter of breaking glass, sank among the shelter of some bushes, fairly crushed at this new misfortune.

"You sneak!" greeted the cause of all this commotion, and a manly young fellow, Arnold Wayne, stayed his course with a jerk. "Tormenting a little girl! Say, if you so much as breathe a word about Nellie breaking that window, I'll break your head."

Then young Wayne gave his captive a vigorous shake, flung him headlong into a bramble bush and with a resolute face started straight across the playground to face Miss Elwood, the

Saw Her Home From the Banquet.

cross-grained schoolmistress, who had come outside of the study room and stood gazing at the shattered pane.

"I'll pay for it," said Arnold simply.

"Why, Arnold, I am surprised at you," voiced Miss Elwood sternly. "A bad example from one I have boasted of as my most dutiful pupil."

"It was an accident," said Arnold, and the schoolmistress was compelled to accept the situation indulgently.

Arnold went back to the greenery fringing the edge of the school grounds. He pushed his way among the shrubbery. Seated on the ground, shrinking amid some bushes, was Nellie. Her face was covered with her hands and she was sobbing distractedly.

Arnold sat down beside her. He gently lifted her hands from her tear-stained face.

"Don't cry any more, Nellie," he pleaded, with the reassuring condolence of an older person. "Nat Dyson won't trouble you again and as to the broken window, Miss Elwood thinks I broke it and I am to pay for it."

"You—you took the blame for that!" faltered Nellie, her soul lifting from its wretchedness at this realization of a manly sacrifice.

"Of course," answered Arnold lightly. "Girls aren't made to stand blame. Boys are able to. You mustn't let trifles bother you so, Nellie. When the scholars notice that they do, they love to keep on teasing you."

"Oh, you are the noblest friend I ever had!" cried Nellie, in a fresh outburst of emotion.

Arnold put his arm about her. Her golden head sank to his shoulder. He felt like some chivalric knight of old at this evidence of her confidence in him and her liking for him. Soon he had her quieted and quite smiling.

"Teacher says she is going to paint my left hand black if I don't stop using it," Nellie told him. "Perhaps if I had something on the hand it would warn me every time I started to use it."

"Why, I have the very thing!" exclaimed Arnold, buoyed up by an inspiring thought. "After mother died father gave me all her old trinkets. There is a bloodstone ring she had when she was a little girl like you. I'll bring it to you tomorrow, and whenever you start to use your left hand the sight of the ring will remind you."

That was the beginning of an idyllic experience. For the next five years those two were almost inseparable. Nellie's left-handedness was cured, although she always insisted on greeting Arnold with the left hand.

"Nearest my heart, you know," she would say with a bright smile.

It was a proud day for Arnold when he and Nellie graduated from school, both with unusual marks of merit. Arnold gave her a beautiful bouquet and saw her home from the class banquet that evening. Leaning over the garden gate in the moonlight, he caught the glimmer of the ring Nellie always wore.

"Why! You have changed it from finger to finger as they grew," exclaimed Arnold, "until it is on—what do you think? Your engagement finger!"

Nellie blushed; her hand, nestling in his, twitched and trembled. Her mother called her just then, but Arnold Wayne left her with a secret resolve to tell her of his love very soon.

Alas for youthful hopes! Within a week his father decided to remove to Canada, where a relative had left him a great farm. And the hurry and hustle of a hurried departure Arnold saw Nellie only twice in the interim. Others were present. He could only whisper to her: "I am coming back some day," and she had murmured softly: "I shall count the days you are gone."

Almost immediately after reaching the far northern farm land Mr. Wayne was taken ill and later became entirely incapacitated for work. Young as he was, Arnold was compelled to assume all the responsibility of managing the farm. He did not shirk the duty. His care and patience extended to a cross-grained stepmother and her three children. Once he wrote to Nellie. He received no answer.

At the end of five years Mrs. Wayne married again. The farm had thriven and Arnold offered to sell out his interest to his stepmother. He received sufficient to make him comfortable for life. He was lonely for the city and old acquaintances and friends. The evening that he was packing up he came across a fond memento of the past—a carnelian heart that pretty, Nellie Ross had given him in exchange for the bloodstone ring that eventful schoolday in the now dim and misty long ago.

How a memory of that scene in the far past thrilled him! It seemed as though a secret door within his inmost soul had been abruptly unlocked. He hungered for a sight of the little fairy who had grown up in his life as a sentient part of his being.

Arnold had for a long time wondered why work, wealth and success had seemed vapid and dull to him. He knew now. He must have an object to love. He set his face southward and his first destination was his native village.

He sought the Ross family, but in vain. He learned that wtihin a month after his departure their home had burned down and they had removed to a neighboring town. Arnold traced them there to find that the father had died. The family was broken up and scattered. At the end of a month Arnold gave up an apparently useless quest. He went to the city, took up bachelor's quarters and planned to invest his capital in some business in the metropolis.

One afternoon, turning a crowded street corner, Arnold made a spring as he saw a little child crossing the thoroughfare directly in the path of a speeding automobile and all unconscious of her peril. Just in time he seized her, but the fender of the machine struck his arm, hurling him to the ground. The little one was terrified and hysterical. A policeman led both to the nearest drug store.

"Only a slight bruise," the attending physician told Arnold, as he examined his arm and applied a soothing lotion. "You, little one, can thank this gentleman for saving your life."

The child lifted her eyes gratefully to the face of Arnold and placed her hand confidingly within his own. As she did so Arnold gave a vivid start. Upon one finger he noted a ring—a bloodstone ring—his ring, given to Nellie Ross years ago. Oh, he could not mistake it!

"I will see this little one safely home," he said, and with her left the drug store.

Where did she live. With Aunty Nellie.

He thrilled with hope. "Aunty Nellie" had adopted her when her father and mother died. Aunty Nellie did embroidery work for a big store and she had just been delivering a parcel of the same when the accident occurred.

"Aunt Nellie was Miss Ross to most people." Oh, she was so good and kind! And the ring? That was a precious keepsake, but Aunty had let her wear it because it was her birthday.

Was he treading the path of paradise or despair? Arnold Wayne knew within the hour—knew that his letter from the far North had never reached Nellie, knew that her love for him had never dimmed.

And after that joyous meeting, as he left Nellie and their eyes met, she extended her hand—the left one, "nearest the heart"—and he bent over and kissed it fervently, and knew that all was well.

NEW TROUGH WATERS STOCK

Animal, Stepping on Platform, Opens Valves Which Allow a Fresh, Cold Stream to Pour In.

A trough has been invented which can gauge the amount of water an animal drinks. There is a platform which works in conjunction with valves on the supply and drain pipes of the trough. When an animal steps on the platform the valves are opened and a stream of water pours in. As he slakes his thirst and steps off the platform the inlet is closed and the surplus water is drained off.

The valve mechanism of this device is mounted in a concrete well in the ground. The valve of the supply pipe and the valve of the drain pipe are mounted side by side, and the stems of both valves fit into a single operating lever. Hinged above this mechanism at the level of the ground is the platform. The front end of the platform is raised slightly by a pair of springs and is connected with the lever of the valves. The water trough lies just in front of the platform.

As soon as an animal walks on the platform he presses the front end down and opens the valves of the trough pipes. The water gushes in at just the rate that he will drink. His thirst quenched, he leaves the platform, the springs raise it up and close the valves. Very little water is wasted, and the drink furnished the thirsty animal is as cool and fresh as that which is supplied to the farmer and his men.

FAVORS AN AMATEUR BUGLER

Flatdweller Prefers Distressing Noise Made by Cornet Tooter to Man Who Yells "Murder" in Sleep.

"We lived once," said Mr. Flatdweller, "in the same house with an amateur cornet player; and we thought then that if we ever got out of that house we should be happy. It didn't seem as if we could ever have, in any other place, so distressful a neighbor.

"But in this house that we have lately moved into we heard the first night we were here the cry of

"'Murder! Murder!'

"We sat up in horror; listening and wondering what we ought to do; but the next moment we heard a female voice saying:

"'Edward! Edward! Wake up! Mercy! What's the matter?'

"And then we heard, in a man's voice:

"'My gracious! I'm glad that wasn't true.'

"This was a great relief to us, of course, as no doubt it was to Edward; but then, as we pulled the bed clothes up again and our head touched the pillow, we reflected that the novice struggling with a cornet had once seemed the worst thing that could happen to us; but now we knew better. As between him and a neighbor prone to a nightmare, give us, oh, give us, every time, the amateur bugler."

Train the Memory.

The memory is a faculty which through patient practice may be cultivated and trained to a wonderful degree. Morphy, the celebrated chess player, could play several games of chess simultaneously without seeing any of the boards on which the various games were being conducted. It was a peculiarly impressive sight to see him standing in the middle of the floor, with his arms folded, defending himself and attacking the various opponents, with the position of the chess men on the several boards always in his mind's eye, observes a writer. The noted Jesuit Father Suarez was said to have known all the works of St. Augustine by heart. These consist of eleven large volumes. Pascal is said never to have forgotten anything he read, and the same is told of Grotius, Leibnitz and Euler. Themistocles knew the name of every one of the twenty thousand citizens of Athens.

Where Cyclones Originate.

The most violent cyclones originate in tropical latitudes, in the Atlantic ocean to the north and east of West Indian islands, and in the Pacific, in the China sea and in the neighborhood of the Philippine islands.

The reason they are so destructive is because they are carried such great distances by extraneous influences. The West Indian cyclones are attracted toward the Gulf stream by the great volume of heated air which always hangs over it and follows its course; so the cyclones of the Pacific follow the course of Kuro Siwo, the great oceanic current which passes around the East Indian archipelago, the shores of China and the Japanese islands.

Cyclones may be anywhere from 50 to 500 miles in diameter and may travel over a path 6,000 miles in extent.

A Robert Browning Story.

Tennyson wore the same hat year after year, a big wide-awake, almost green with age. How long exactly he had had this hat nobody seems to know. His Inverness cloak was not quite so ancient, but had long since seen its best days. The great poet was scrupulously clean in his person, but he would not part with his old clothes.

He seems to have clung as tenaciously to his boots as to his hat. William Allingham records in his diary: "Robert Browning dined at Tennyson's last night. Tennyson in great force. He said, 'This pair of dress boots is forty years old.' Browning said it was good evidence of the immortality of the sole!"

Fifth Monarchy Movement.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, during the time of Oliver Cromwell, there sprang up in England a Puritan sect which undertook to interpret the prophet Daniel's version of the four beasts, as related in the seventh chapter of Daniel. They made sad work of it and mixed religion, politics and fanaticism in a way that was very confusing. They believed that the four monarchies indicated by the prophet had passed away and that the time had come for the beginning of Christ's millennial reign on earth, that is, for the beginning of a new monarchy with Christ as its head. Hence they were called and willingly accepted the designation of Fifth Monarchy men. At one time they conspired to murder Cromwell, but he got the first move and arrested their leaders and put them under guard. Later, in the reign of Charles II, a few of them, led by a cooper named Thomas Venner, undertook to establish the Kingdom of Heaven by force, but they were attacked by the king's troops and routed, and on January 19 to 21 Venner and ten others were executed for high treason.

Dog Days.

Dog days is the name applied to the hottest season of the year at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog star; that is, the time when it rose just before the sun. They usually lasted for about 40 days. We still retain the expression of dog days as applied to the hottest season of the year, but owing to the procession of the equinoxes it is no longer the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star. The time of dog days dates from the time when Sirius rises at the same time as the sun. Because of the procession of the equinoxes, this time comes earlier every year by 20 minutes, 20 seconds. The almanac makers of today in this, as in many other cases, cater to the old-time superstitions of the ignorant, and mark the dog days. Some of them reckon the dog days from July 24 to August 24, the time of greatest heat in summer in the United States; others date them from July 3 to August 11.

Intensive Farming Aids England.

For a thousand years and more wheat has been a staple crop in Great Britain; a few hundred years measure the period of wheat growing in Canada, and in parts of Canada—the naturally fertile valley of the St. Lawrence, for instance—the growing of wheat has practically been abandoned because the yield is not large enough to make it pay. Great Britain is an old country; its fields have been cropped for more than ten centuries. Canada is a new country, much of its soil having been first tilled by its present occupiers; but in Great Britain the average yield of wheat per acre is almost 32 bushels, whereas in Canada it is only 20 bushels. The climate is in Canada's favor; intensive farming is in Britain's, and the result is 11 bushels an acre more.

Canals in the Suez.

Before the construction of the Suez canal, completed in 1869, there was no direct water communication between the Mediterranean and the Red sea, but at various eras such communication existed by way of the River Nile. From an inscription on the temple at Karnak it would appear that a canal, joining the Nile and the Red sea, existed at the time of Seti I., 1380 B. C. This canal diverged from the Nile near Bubastis and was carried along the fertile Wadi Tumilat to a port at the head of the expanse of water known today as the Bitter lake, now forming part of the Suez canal route. The channel of this canal is still traceable in parts of the Wadi Tumilat. Other canals connecting the Nile and the Red sea were built in ancient times.

The White Sea.

The White sea in northwestern Russia is a branch of the Arctic ocean extending into the provinces of Archangel. The sea is about 100 miles wide between the Kaninskaia and Kola peninsulas, but it narrows to less than 50 farther south, widens again and forms three gulfs—the Kandalak gulf, that of Archangel, into which the River Dwina falls, and that into which the River Onega falls. The sea-route into the White sea was discovered in 1553 by Richard Chancellor, a daring English sailor, who was brought up in the household of the father of the famous Sir Philip Sidney.

Children's Belief in Fairies.

To the children fairies stand for all the wonderful and unpredictable possibilities of life, for all the magic of it, its charm of unexpectedness. A child is a bit puzzled by the inevitable; in the fairy world it does not exist. In that world he slips away from the world of grown-ups, with its endless consequences remorselessly hounding the gay, irresponsible little child doings. He loves the grown-ups and it is not from them that he wishes to escape, but from their world, their difficult, unyielding world. — Popular Science Monthly.

Married Ten Years.

"A rather remarkable couple, I should say." "They've been married ten years and she still listens with deference when he expresses an opinion."

Bravery and Temperance.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

Nothing too Good for Them.

Why shouldn't the soldier boys in the camps and trenches have had turkey for their Thanksgiving dinners while we contented ourselves with chicken? They are fighting our fight and the sacrifices we ought to make at home can be nothing to what they are offering to make abroad.

Unclaimd Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:

Jos. I. Hamilton, Jack Horner, Joe Kipe, Miss Elsie Loose, Mrs. Henry Miller, A. W. Montgomery, Mrs. Mary Sheesely, Mrs. Harry Uiley. When called for please say advertised.

Sell Jail Which Held John Brown.

The old jail building at Charlestown, Jefferson county, W. Va., in which John Brown, abolitionist, was confined prior to being hanged, was sold at auction last Saturday. The government purchased the lot on which the bulding stands and will erect a postoffice building on the site.

"Send him a photograph."—Mallory Studio.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

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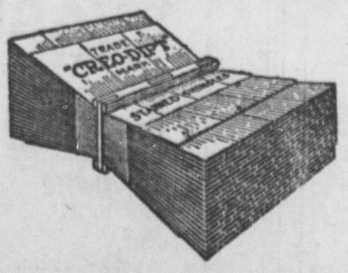

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Bird & Son's Neponset Shingles. Paroid Roofing and Wall Board.

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CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TERS DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

SEVEN BARKS

a Sure and Safe Remedy for

DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.

Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses, a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold

RENTS COLLECTED

Here and There.

Kodaks in great variety at Green's.

Buy your Oleo at Gross Bros.—5 pounds for $1.50.

Choice perfumes at Green's—Hudnuts, Stearns, Colgates, Palmer, etc.

CharlesYearick, oneof the progroessive merchants and farmers, of Jacksonville, was a recent visitor in Bellefonte.

"Jake" Knisely, a guard at the Western Penitentiary, left Wednesday morning for Pittsburgh with two unruly prisoners.

During the past week Bellefonte evidently got in the wrong zone as to mail service. We had about as well be out in the jungles of Africa.

Following the departure of Walter McCullough for the war, Robert Gherrett, of Bellefonte, takes his place in the local State Road department in Temple Court.

Mrs. David Dale, who is spending the winter at Gettysburg while Dr. Dale is in the army service, arrived in Bellefonte on Monday evening and remained until Wednesday morning.

The following young men of Philpsburg recently have enlisted and gone to Fort Slocum, N. Y.: Arthur Melin, chauffeur; Jackson G. Holt, chauffeur; Harry E. Charles, store-keeper.

"Beany" Meese, who was taken to the Western Penitentiary, Pittsburgh, for entering Stuart's store, Sandy Ridge, is now at the Rockview Penitentiary. He was born and raised in Bellefonte.

Wednesday morning a fair sized bear and two deer arrived over the L & T railroad and were viewed by a large number of persons at the Adams Express office. They were consigned to W. Wert, of Patton.

Gladstone Taylor, of Bellefonte, who recently was commissioned a First Lieutenant at Fort Niagara training camp for officers, has been ordered to report to Camp Lee, Virginia, for duty. He departed today for that place.

Hon. Harry B. Scott, of Philipsburg, who is well and favorably known in Bellefonte, was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Moshannon National Bank, of that place. He succeeds the late J. N. Schoonover.

Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock, the train from Tyrone brought to Bellefonte a car containing thirty prisoners from the penitentiary at Pittsburgh. They were taken through to the Rockview Western Penitentiary by the yard engine.

Graham Hunter, son of Robert Hunter, is exprcted in Bellefonte on a furlough on December 20th. He belongs to the navy and is located at Wilmington, Del. He is a yeoman and chief aide to Lieut. Commander Aday who has charge of the mine sweepers.

Charles G. Cruse, a son of Mrs. Rebie Garman Cruse, of Bellefonte, who was a sergeant of the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop when that organization went to Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga., last July, was on Monday commissioned a Second Lieutenant of the Gun Troop.

Mrs. Isaac Gray, of Halfmoon, arrived in Bellefonte Tuesday evening and remained over night with Mrs. C. D. Tanner. Wednesday she continued her journey to Mt. Carmel where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Glenn, wife of Rev. George Glenn.

Drs. J. E. Ward, C. A. VanValin, E. S. Maloy and J. J. Kilpatrick, the Bellefonte dentists, have been doing their bit in the war by looking after the teeth of the young soldiers who leave Bellefonte for the camps and who will finally be in the front. This work is being done gratus.

There was a marked increase in the attendance at the work rooms of the Bellefonte Red Cross last week, and it is hoped this will continue. Remember there are about 5000 special dressings that must be made this month, and the rooms will be open every afternoon and evening. This war is on and every woman should do her part until the end.

Tuesday James Campbell, one of the guards at the Western Penitentiary, his wife and little baby were in Bellefonte. During the morning they had made a number of purchases and shortly after dinner they came down the middle of High Street to the depot. It was slippery and Mr. Campbell had in each hand a well filled basket. While cautioning the young lady to be careful lest she fall his heels slipped from under him and into the snow he went basket and all. As he weighs between 175 and 180 pounds you may know there was some concussion. Fortunately he was not injured.

If you had met Edward Decker, of Bellefonte, during the recent severe weather and said to him it was cold the chances are that he would have given you a negative answer. The cause of him differing from you might have been he was thinking of that eight-pound boy that came to his home Friday and the cold weather had no effect on him. The new heir of the household will be known as James Edward Decker, Jr. For the last seven years and ten months the happy father had been a clerk in the office of the local P. R. R., freight station, under W. T. Kelly, and recently he has been transferred to the trainmaster's department under Joseph Kellegher, and between the new position and the new boy "Ed" has been stepping some.

A change for the better has come to Mrs. Edward Griest at her home in Philipsburg. This will be gratifying news to her many friends on this side of the mountain.

The basket Shop will hold a Christma Sale, December 15th to December 22nd, inclusive, in the State Centre Electric Store, High Street, Bellefonte. Baskets at reasonable prices. Stuffed animals and rag dolls. Shopping Basket Special $1.50.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Walker left Bellefonte Saturday morning for Philadelphia where they spent Sunday with their son, Robert S. Walker, and of course, saw Milon Walker and Hassel Montgomery, all of whom have enlisted and have been advanced since working at League Island.

The basket ball game played in the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Friday evening was very interesting. It was between the Jersey Shore Athletics and the Academy, the latter winning by a score of 41 to 24. A dance followed the game at the Academy which was attended by quite a number of our young people.

Prof. Eugene Weik resigned his position as principal of the Bellefonte High School and Thursday left for Fort Slocum, N. Y., where he joined one of the bands connected with the coast artillery. He is quite a musician and he will be missed in the local public shools along this line as he organized a band and an orchestra, both of which played their part in interesting students in the work of the school. To show their appreciation of his services the students of the High School were at the train to give him a jolly send off. Several of their yells were given and the "Prof" gave them good-bye.

Mrs. John I. Olewine, of Bellefonte, recently received a letter from her nephew, Dr. Herbert Waite, who is now in Australia in the interest of the John Rockefeller Foundation. He is devoting much of his time to eradicating the hookworm which is sapping out the lives of the people in that country. It is a little worm that clings close to the intestines that is causing all the trouble and from which thousands die every year. Dr. Waite, although a young man, has made this branch of medical science such a thorough study that he has been doing much good along this line.

A nice assortment of fine candies Liggets, Guths, and Jansons received this week—at Green's.

Constable W. W. Petingill, of Lock Haven, was in Bellefonte this week and took Malcom Rine with him on his return.

Mrs. Yocum, wife of Dr. Ezra H. Yocum, left Bellefonte Friday for Northumberland to spend a couple of weeks with relatives and friends.

William W. Wrigely and A. W. Lee, Jr., of Clearfield, both of whom are known in Bellefonte, have enlisted in the ordnance division of the U. S. A. and expect to be called for service soon.

In nearly all the churches in Bellefonte are found service flags that do credit to the community. On going into the Presbyterian church last Sunday the worshipers were confronted with a large service flag with about nineteen stars. It represents the number of young men who have gone out from the church who are training for military service in the various camps.

Grover C. Jones, of Altoona, is a grand-son of George T. Jones, Port Matilda. He is 25 years of age and is now located at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., and is waiting for a call to France. He is a coal miner by trade and therefore is in good physical shape to go into battle. In a letter to his mother, Mrs. Edward Mingle, of Altoona, he says, like all other boys in camp, he is picking up in weight.

Prof Fred C. Miller, one of the instructors in the Bellefonte High School, has been promoted to the position of principal of the High School to succeed Prof. Eugene Weik who left this week for Fort Slocum, N. Y. The promotion is a good one and there is every reason to believe that it will prove satisfactory to all concerned. Prof. Miller is no new man here as he taught a number of years ago in the Bellefonte Academy.

After spending a short time in Bellefonte Capt. Ralph Kirk and wife left Monday afternoon for their home in the western part of the state. Mrs. Kirk is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Willard and she and her husband were here on a little jaunt prior to the captain going to Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C., where he will join the 58th U. S. Infantry. He makes a fine looking officer and looks as if he could do his share to down the Kaiser.

The cold wave struck Bellefonte Friday and Saturday. Sunday and Monday mornings it was several degrees below zero. It's starting in pretty early.

One of the young men in Bellefonte who is going up in more than one way is Elliott Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris, of Bellefonte, better known to his friends as "Budd" Morris. Friday his parents received a cablegram from him in France stating that he had just been commissioned a first lieutenant in "Uncle Sam's" aviation corps. Such an advancement shows that he has been paying strict attention to business and that he is well adapted for that part of the army which he has chosen to fight the Kaiser. He has become an expert in making flights through the air and when the times comes he may figure prominently in some air battle that will bring the war to a close.

"Not So Bad Being Laid Up"

Cheerful? Why not? Scheduled for a couple of weeks more, but I should worry!

Why, that little old wreck and my smashed leg have brought me a change from the "road"—all the comforts of home—and $200 every four weeks from my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY, together with payment of the surgeon's fee. Not to mention the $25 I'll get every week while I'm lame-ducking in the open air.

Pretty soft, eh? Especially when a fellow works only on commission.

Seriously, all of you boys ought to

ÆTNA-IZE

You're not worrying the banks with deposits any more than I did. And when the accident breaks, your good old Ætna income keeps away the wolf and debts, and makes you independent. No sponging for me!

The cost? Honestly, too small to talk about.

Before the jinx gets 'round to you, better 'phone, write or call today on my agent—

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Walter McCollough, who for several years had been an employe in the Bellefonte branch of the State Highway Department, left Monday for Williamsport where he joined the aviation corps and to-day (Thursday) will report at Fort Slocum, N. Y., for duty. He is one of the town's best of young men and will be missed in our community. Like hosts of other of our young men he is going to be loyal to "Uncle Sam" in the hour of his greatest peril.

Don't forget that to-night (Thursday) the third entertainment in the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. Course will be given in Garman's opera house. Clare Vaughan Wales, in a three act comedy, entitled "Reiuvenation" will be the attraction. It was here last year and it made such a good hit that the entertainment was rebooked. Everything is up-to-date and those who desire to hear and see something above the ordinary should make a special effort to be on hand.

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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Dr. H. E. Thornley
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Four year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

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Place Your Order Now For

Christmas Candies

We have a big line of mixed candies and chocolates, also a fine assortment of nuts, oranges and fancy groceries.

Special prices given to Schools and Sunday Schools

WEAVER BROTHERS

Quality Grocers - - Bellefonte, Pa.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Neckwear	Dress Shirts	Collars	Underwear
Hosiery	Automobile Gloves	Silk Garters	Canes
Handkerchiefs	Automobile Robes	Cuff Links	Hats
Suspenders	Bath Robes	Tie Clasps	Silk Hose [men]
Mufflers	Spalding's Sporting Goods	Madras Shirts	Silk Stockings [women]
Belts	Childn's Knit Romper Suits	Silk Shirts	Children's Suits
Watch Chains	Men's Suits	Pajamas	Traveling Bags
Tie Pins	Men's Overcoats	Night Robes	Smoking Jackets
Caps	Children's Overcoats	Umbrellas	Silk Mufflers
Full Dress Jewelry	Childn's & Men's Raincoats	Gloves	Sweaters

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